

610
A
C U R E
F O R
JEALOUSIE.
A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the
New Theatre in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields,
B Y *Wth John Croy*
His MAJESTYs Servants.

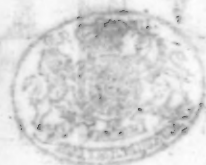
*Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.
Nam neque chorda Sonum reddit quem vult
Manus & mens. ——— Hor. de Art. Poet.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Harrison, at his Shop in New-Inn,
without Temple Barr. 1701.

C U R E
F O R
JEALOUSIE

A
C O M E D Y



New Theatre in Little Lincoln-Inn-Fields.

BY
W. D. Howells

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Printed and Sold by J. D. Howells, at his Shop in New-
Market, London.

L O N D O N

Printed for R. and W. Howells, at his Shop in New-
Market, London.

T O
EDMUND FULLWOOD, Esq;

S I R,

THere are several Reasons induce me,
to trouble you with the Patronage
of these Scenes, for tho' your good
Humour, and Friendship are sufficient
Temptations to Prefix your Name to this
Trifle, and your Judgment to Sheild me
from the Buffet of a Tempest of Criticks;
Yet your Reading it before it appeared on
the Stage, and your not seeing it there, is
the only hope I have it may be more En-
tertaining to you, then the Representati-
on, or rather Misrepresentation was to an
Audience. What ever Beauties there are in
the *Comedy*, were Industiously concealed
in the Action; Indeed I am vain enough
to think so lame a Performance would have

A

Bur-

The Epistle.

Burlesq'd a much better *Play* then this;
However I can't defend my self in attempting
Comedy, that part of *Poetry*, which I know
requires the most Elaborate Hand, and a
well grown Study, to be regular and please
the *Criticks*: I am afraid true *Comedy* will be
rare, the Encouragement for such Labours
being very small. We must believe this,
when we find an Audience crowding to a
JUBILEE-FARCE, and Sweating to see
DICKY play his Tricks; as well pleas'd as
if'twere a REAL JUBILEE: After this we
can't expect the PLAIN DEALER will a-
gain gratifie a few good *Criticks*, to expose
himself to a numerous Crowd of Ill Judges;
Satyr is Banish'd the *Stage*, and the *Spectators*
love to be Tickled not Gaul'd. Sir, This
Play flies for Protection to you, I beg you
to receive That, and this Dedication, as
they are meant, the tokens of my Esteem
and

The Epistle.

and Friendship; and I am the more Embold-
ned to hope a Pardon, becaule I have for-
bore to give the Town and you a detale
of your Virtues, and have ventur'd to Write
a Dedication, without ends of *Latin* or Flat-
tery in it,

I am your most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

J. C.

PROLOGUE.

IN vain the Laureats of all Ages strove
To please, still some their labours disapprove ;
Thus an ill corping RYMER dares even now
Invade the Lawrel on great Shakespears Brow ;
But the bad breath returns from whence it came,
And wounds the Critiques not the Authors fame.
Such Judges tho' they always damn by Rule,
Are wondrous glad to find an Author dull ;
So when good Homer nods he pleases more,
Then all his Waking Strenuous Lines before :
Some such well humour'd Friends are here to day,
That alwayes pre-resolve to damn a Play ;
As Crows attend a Battle Critiques come,
Those fatal Birds that Croak a Poets doom
We dare not trust our tryal to these Men,
That damn ten good ones, for one faulty Scene,
But to the generous Candor of those few,
That have with Judgment some good Nature too ;
Not only see but gratefully forgive
It's Errors, for the Pleasures they receive.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

IN such attempts as these to hope success,
Our Author tells you wou'd the fault increase ;
Fools are a Numerous Progeny we're told,
And upon small Encouragement grow bold ;
Shou'd your good Nature ev'n extend to one
With shoals of Scribling Fops you'l be o're run
And if you smile or cast a pleasing Eye
A PUNN streight thinks himself a Wycherly ;
Huffs and talks big in a long Dedication,
Despises Men of Sences Approbation ; (Fashion. }
Since he has fill'd his Purse and pleas'd the Men of }
Thus there is wanting little Sence or pains,
For all that makes the Poet is the gains,
Per warn'd by others tho' he knows his Doom,
His Will by reason will not be o're come ;
But like an Itching Girl that loves the Sport,
Must try the Trick, tho' sure to suffer for't.
Then use him as you wou'd a foolish Maid,
Whom Touth and your Allurements have betray'd ;
For tho' you're fickle, yet you're scarce so light.
As to discard your Mrs. the first Night.

Per-

Persons Names.

Sir John Thrivewell, Father to *Arabella* and *Bellinda*.

Scrapeall, Uncle and Guardian to *Wildish*.
Collonel Blunt.

Loveday in Love with *Bellinda*.
Wildish.

Sparkish, a Beau.

Dash, the Justices Clerk.

Prunello, a Grocer.

Pimpwell, Servant to *Blunt*.

W O M E N.

Arabella, Daughter to *Sir John Thrivewell*, and
Wife to *Scrapeall*.

Bellinda, Sister to *Arabella*.

Olinda, Daughter to *Scrapeall* by a former
Wife.

Mrs. Prunello, a Grocers Wife.

Peggy, a Woman of the Town.

Betty, Maid to *Arabella*.

Constable and Watch, a Link-Boy,

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

1

A
C U R E
F O R
J E A L O U S I E.

ACT I. SCENE I. *The Piazza, Covent Garden.*

Enter Loveday, to him Wildish.

Wildish. **W**HAT thinking Mortal have we hear? — Any of my Sober Acquaintance, Faith *Ned Loveday* — Fortunate — Good Morrow to your Meditations Sir, When came you from the Wells?

Loveday. Last Night — I staid as long as 'twas worth while -- When all the Game were fled, 'twas high time for me to be upon the Wing.

Wild. But why so dejected, don't the Waters agree with you?

Loved. The Waters were the least of my business --- City Wives, and decay'd Courtiers drink the Waters.

Wild. Prithee what was your business?

Loved. The same your's is at the *Change*, or a *Beans* at the Play-house, Curiosity, not Profit; The good Company left the Town, and I pursued it to *Tunbridge*.

Wild. Pleasant, You went thither for Conversation, and shun it here, else why alone in this place --- But that I know you, I shou'd take you for some petty Dabler in *Helicon*; Certainly you are turn'd Lover, or Poet ---

Loved. Perhaps you have hit my Case.

R

Wild.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Wild. A desperate one--- keep off, --- The Infections catching --- 'tis time for thee to single from the Herd of Mankind --- thou'rt a Blown Deer, the Critiques have been upon thee, and no man of Reputation will be seen in thy Company.

Loved. You speak very Contemptibly of that Great Name, A Poet is not so despicable.

Wild. Let me be *Jack pudding* to some Mountebank, or *Foot-man* to a Visiting Lady rather -- If I thought this in earnest, I shou'd give you over --- for of all Madmen the most desperate is the poor Wretch who raves for a Muse; Writing for the Stage is taking a world of pains to be a Publique Ass --- The poor Scriblers who make it their Livelyhood, had better be Attorneys Hacks, they don't get Bread.

Loved. Malice ---

Wild. 'Tis a Miracle to me that such a glut of Poets daily spring up, when they are so constantly nipt in the Bud.

Loved. Good Ones were ever scarce --- but 'tis a Fatallity attends little Traders in Wit, those Cammophile Authors, who grow the faster for being trod down, to be still writing and get nothing by't.

Wild. But repentance, Ay *Ned*, these are the dismal effects of Poverty, --- I doubt if this world holds, we must all be Wits in our turn.

Loved. No such danger --- But prithee *Jack* where hast thou liv'd this Summer?

Wild. I have Sojourn'd with my Uncle, who wou'd neither let me live here, nor afford me Money to live elsewhere.

Loved. Neither liv'd here, nor elsewhere --- Riddles! Were you no where?

Wild. Yes, yes, I was here, but I did not live here; Pleasure the Soul of living was a stranger to me; And what went most to Heart with me, I saw the poor Whores starve and hadn't to relieve them.

Loved. A great Grievance to a Man of your publique Spirit truly.

Wild. If I chanc'd to wander towards the *Playhouse*, I was forc'd to watch the Musique, and when the Curtain ascended, I vanish.

Loved. Oh that's as Fashionable now, as Sharping an Act in the side Box.

Wild. It was not so much design, as pure necessity --- I consider'd (I am a considering Person) if I spent my half Crown at the Play, I might want it at the Tavern, and I always prefer'd Claret to Poetry.

Loved. Then thy Uncle remains an Infidel, what, no hopes of his Conversion?

Wild. Conversion! 'tis Nature, and you might as soon perswade a Woman she's Ugly, or a Conceited Beau he is ill dress'd, as him to be Generous.

Loved. Have we not seen an Example of it in Sir *John Thrivewell* lately? who was (if possible) more Covetous then your Uncle, but sensible now that his Sons late Misfortune was chiefly occasioned by his Severity, he is from a Miser become an Extravagant.

Wild. Ay, Ay, Now he has ruin'd poor *Frank*, he's liberal --- these old Fellows always repent when 'tis too late.

Loved.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

3

Loved. Love appears in both extreame --- he hoarded but t' enrich his Son, and Squanders it away because he can ne're enjoy it.

Wild. I don't like laying up for Posterity --- hereafter in life is to me a Jest --- the present moment is the only time for enjoyment --- give me pleasures whilst I am vigorous, brisk, and young --- a Wench or a Bottle at Seventy, when Age has pall'd our Sences, and Appetite runs low, is like good Musique to a man in a Dead Sleep.

Loved. A mere Epicure *Jack*, you look no farther then to day.

Wild. Yes, yes, to to morrow when it comes --- yet I thank my Stars fortune did cast an Eye of regard upon me, I made a sorry shift.

Loved. What?

Wild. A Female Convenience, a kind Benefactress.

Loved. Can't (*aside*) her name?

Wild. Is not to be divulg'd --- bar discoveryes of this kind, Freind of mine --- a Mistris is a Secret not to be Communicated.

Loved. You don't count her a Mistris that is so very Bountiful?

Wild. Doctors differ --- She's your Mistris I find whom you court, and pay, give me a woman that makes a frank invitation to a good Entertainment, and rewards the Guest for his Company, here's a mixture of pleasure and profit.

Loved. You are a provident Sinner --- a meer Trader in Love --- but prithee *Wildish* who is she? You know I can be close.

Wild. --- Once again, no Names *Ned* --- thus much I dare tell you; --- a wife she is both brisk, and young --- her Husband is old, and I hope rich; easy I am sure he is, and free from that curst feind Jealousy which haunts my Uncle, and makes poor *Arabella* so miserable.

Loved. Impotence naturally breeds suspicion --- an old Man without Jealousy is a greater Rarity then a handsome wench without Pride, or a Celebrated wit without Vanity, Age and Youth are mere Contraries --- Summer and Winter don't agree less, --- how does the Lady bear it?

Wild. Wonderfully --- she only is Blind to what all the World besides see as plain as day, her Confidence is great as her Innocence, and she never dreams my Uncles Jealous, knowing she never gave him Cause.

Loved. 'Twere Charity to undeceive her *Jack* --- didst thou never attempt it, ha?

Wild. Alack, alack, the woman is irrecoverably vertuous, there's no asking her a Civil Question, for she's always at Prayers.

Loved. Your only time, if you ever intend to Cuckold the old Fellow, it must be when his wife's at prayers --- temptation is always strongest about 'em when they petition against it --- I tell thee Boy 'tis a womans Critical minute --- what Church does she use?

Wild. Our own Church here *Covent Garden*.

Loved. Better still --- Devotion there is always the least part of the Service --- Women now take as much care to appear Religious as their Venerable Grandmothers did to be so --- And are at as much pains to be Hypocrites, as would Qualifie them for Saints. What Male Acquaintance have you pickt up this Reason? You love Variety.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Wild. Seasonably hinted, I had like to have past that point over in silence—
'Gad Ned thou wilt own thy self obliged to me for ever, such a Companion—I
desire *Europe* to match him for thy humour.

Loved. What is he?

Wild. A man of War, Witty, Generous, and Brave—in short every thing
you would desire in a Friend or good Fellow—he goes among us by the name of
Colonel Blunt—how he surmounts his Splendour I know not, but can assure you
he makes no inconsiderable Figure—if you'll take a Bottle at the *Rose* 'tis
odds I give you a sight of him.

Loved. With all my Heart, but one bottle let it be.

Wild. Agreed, I intend to reform.

Loved. When your Uncle does.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Changes to *Scrapeath's* House.

Enter Scrap. Solus.

Scrap. I must be Married, Married at these years; and I must have a young
Wife, and a handsome Wife---Hum! Was not I mad, stark mad---odsbud
that ever a Man shou'd live to the years of Dotage. Suppose any body should
ask me now, pray Sir, why did you Marry for Beauty?--- I am not such a fool
but I can tell 'tis all Outside and Daubing--not one good Face in ten Natu-
ral--besides I can hardly distinguish whether she is handsome or no--for Wit
then? no, that is the high road to Beggary, I never car'd for't in my life--
for Money then? that, that's the Tempter-- Money is a prevailing Argu-
ment--methinks I cou'd do any thing for Money still but wed another *Ara-
bella*---Money is a good, I may say the greatest good, therefore the more
Money the better--but then a young Spouse is a great Evil, nay I find her
the greatest of Evils-- O *Mammon!* *Mammon!* thy Lustre dazzl'd my Eyes,
and I leapt headlong into Perdition. - - Then I have a Spend thrift Nephew
too will certainly undo me-- wou'd he would play some such Tyburn trick
as young *Thrivewell* did, and run the Country for it--Odsbud I'll make him
do't if I can---I won't give him a Groat this Twelve-month, if he will
whore and drink, let him pad for't, and swing when he has done. Oh my
Head! Oh my Purse!

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Are not you well Sir?

Scrap. No, no, you take care I shant be well.

(*aside*).

Arab. Where does your Pain lye?

Scrap. Here, I have it in my head---Oh! Oh!

Arab. Let me hold it---alas Dear you are very Feaverish, your Pulse beats
high---will you go to bed?

Scrap. My Pulse beat, quoth a---my horns sprout under her Fingers and
she takes them for Pulse.

(*aside*)

Arab.

Arab. How long have you been thus out of Order?

Scrap. About a quarter of a Year,

Arab. I never heard you Complain before-- I thought you were not well, you tost and tumbled so a nights,--where did it take you at first?

Scrap. At Church---a just Judgment upon me for never going there but for Interest. *(aside)*

Arab. It may be dangerous you have let it run so long without taking care; --pray Love let me put you to bed, and get something warm.

Scrap. I am in her way now *(aside)* no, no, I'll not go to bed wife.

Arab. Pray Husband do, you are hor, exceeding hot, I le send for *Mithridate* the *Apothecary*, he shall prescribe you somewhat.

Scrap. A smooth fac'd Rascal -- he'll be worse than a Fit of the Gout to me *(aside)* I'll have no *Apothecaries*, they will but make my head ake worse, and my Purse must pay for't.

Enter Sr. John Thrivewell.

Sir John. So, so--this is as it should be--you find Son *Scrapeall* the Comforts of Marrying a young wife--and you see *Arabella* what a happiness 'tis to have an old Husband-- I know had you been left to your own giddy Choice, you wou'd have been for a young Fellow that wou'd have ruin'd you in a year or two.

Arab. I always submitted my Will to your better Judgment Sir, not doubting of your Fatherly Love and Care.

Sir John. You say well, and I hope I have shewed them, in matching you to a Discreet Sober Man--- I wish I could tell where to provide as well for your Sister *Bellinda*.

Arab. I hope she'll be wise enough to provide for her self. *(aside.)*

Sir John. Son *Scrapeall*, what's the matter, you look dull.

Arab. He is ill Sir, with a violent pain in his Head.

Sir John. I am sorry to hear it, 'tis nothing but a Dizziness or so, I hope it will be soon over.

Arab. He has had it a great while Sir, almost three Months without using any Remedy--- I wish there may be nothing breeding in his Head.

Scrap. *[Shakes his Head]* Ay, ay, she knows my Distemper well enough. *(aside.)*

Arab. Pray Sir, try if you can perswade him to Bed.

Scrap. No, no, Mistress--- I wont--- 'tis only a little Dizziness as *Sir John* says --- I have it now and then by fits --- I begin to find my self somewhat better already--- adod I dare not tell the true Cause.

Sir John. I told you it would over--- I am taken so my self sometimes, but Son *Scrapeall* the chief design of my present visit is to advise.

Scrap. I am mightily oblig'd to you Sir --- I had rather he would advise his Daughter. *(aside.)*

Sir John. You have a Nephew.

Scrap. A Lewd Idle Rogue--- Sir.

Sir John I am informed you don't allow him like a Gentleman.

Scrap. Why Sir John he will ruin me, impoverish me--he won't leave me worth a Groat.

Sir John. Impossible! I hear you don't give him a competency to live.

Scrap. To live! no by my troth at his rate of living--s'lfe, Sir, he Whores, Games, and Drinks, at that abominable rate, he would run out the Kings Revenue in less time then 'tis gathered.

Sir John. You wrong the young Gentleman, I dare say--come, come, Son we must make large allowances for Youth--too much strictness is rank Tyranny.

Scrap. I am afraid Sir, your Doctrine tends to Rebellion.

Sir John. Alas they are Truths, which experience, sad experience teaches me.

Enter Maid.

Maid--Madam one within desires to speak with you.

Arab. I come.

(Exeunt Arab. and Maid.)

Scrap. Ha--where's my Wife!--gone--her Gallant is come to see her--these Fops buzz about her as thick as Wasps in a Confectioners Shop (aside) Oh my head! Oh!

Sir John. How now, the fit return'd?

Scrap. Violently, worse then ever--I must to bed I can endure it no longer.

Sir John. I came to talke with you about Mr. Wildish--but I'll take some more convenient time--g'morrow Son, I wish you your health. (Exit.)

Scrap. Your humble Servant good Sir John--This Jealous Devil so possesles me that I can neither eat, nor sleep--she may be honest--but I fancy she is not--she has given me no cause--yet 'tis reason sufficient she is young, and wanton--I old, and feeble, what had I to do to marry then? because I was a doting fool--Who's there? (Enter Servant.)

where's your Mistress?

Serv. Gone to Church Sir.

Scrap. Where's Olinda?

Serv. In her Chamber Sir.

Scrap. Bid her come hither (Ex. Serv.) Gone to Church! I don't like this going to Church--it can't be in the nature of a Woman to go twice a day to Church out of pure Zeal--I doubt her worship is superstitious--I wish she has not her male Saint to address to--I must set my Daughter to watch--I'll promise her mountains if she makes any Discovery--but she's a young Baggage, and they're all in Confederacy to promote Cuckoldom--I had better Employ Dash, he is honest, and will tell me all he knows.

Enter Olinda.

Olind. Have you any Commands for me Sir?

Scrap. Odsbud I don't know whether I had best trust her (aside)

Olind. You seem disorder'd Sir, does any thing trouble you?

Scrap.

Scrap. Do'st love me Girl?

Olind. I hope I never gave you cause to think otherwise, 'tis my Duty Sir.

Scrap. True--And isn't not a Wifes Duty to love her Husband? do'st think *Arabella* loves me?

Olind. I guess now where the Shoe pinches (*aside*) doubtless Sir.

Scrap. I am afraid she loves some body else better.

Olind. { *aside* } Or she is not of my mind) ——— who pray Sir?

Scrap. I can't tell that——but you young Folks know one anothers minds——do you think if you married an old man you should love him better then a young one?

Ol. Heaven grant I may never make the trial (*aside*) if he were my Husband, tho' ne're so old, it were my Duty to love him above the world.

Scrap. You are come again with your duty—I dont ask what you ought to do, but what your Inclination would prompt you to.

Ol. The Old Gentleman is horn mad, I'll try to increase his Jealousy Nay, Sir if you would know my undissembled thoughts of the matter, if my ill Stars (which Heaven avert!) should couple me with an old Fumbler, my Inclinations would certainly lead me to a Gallant.

Scrap. They would——

Ol. Doubtless Sir? 'tis unreasonable to think contrary Elements should agree.

Scrap. Then you conclude your Father's a Cuckold—death I'm mad.

Ol. You Sir, I don't count you old.

Scr. Threescore is not old Hussy.

Ol. Not in such a healthful Constitution as yours Sir—I meant one of Fourscore whose whole motion was by Crutches, and married me only to be his Nurse—your's is a discreet Age, not at all despicable.

Scrap. My fears I see are n't groundless, she knows more of this matter then I'm aware off, if I could but get it out of her, these young Sluts are all good at Dissembling, 'tis born with them, and there's no trusting any of them. (*aside*) Go, and send *Dash* to me. (*Ex. Olinda*) What a miserable Man have I made my self? Methinks I am a Buck of the first head, my Branches are spread abroad, and I could Butt with any of the Horn'd Herd.

Enter Dash.

Dash. Did your Worship call?

Scrap. Oh *Dash*, I am Married.

Dash. Yes Sir.

Scrap. And I am.——

Dash. What Sir?

Scrap. A Cuckhold.

Dash. How Sir.

Scrap. Most certainly——*Olinda* knows all, but won't discover, yet I have learnt enough to confirm me of my good Fortune.

Dash.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Dash. I never lik'd the Match — your Worship knows I advis'd your Worship, and told your Worship. —

Scrap. Ay, ay, *Thomas* we are always wise too late, and buy our Experience too dear — did'st thou never observe any thing?

Dash. Not I truly Sir — but I'll watch her for the future, and bring your VVorship an exact Account.

Scrap. Prinee do good *Dash* — watch her every where, but be sure watch her at Prayers — yet now I think on't she shall go to Church no more — I had rather be indicted for an Atheist, then pointed at for a Cuckhold — she goes abroad no more — mind who comes home to her.

Dash. I shall Sir.

Scrap. Sure I am doubly curst with th' two worst Plagues of Life, A Spendthrift Nephew, and a Jilting VVife. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E, the Piazza.

Enter Blunt and Pimpwell.

Blunt. Well Sirrah, we have been almost a week in Town and no body knows me — this Patch, after seven years absence has disguiz'd me from my most intimate Acquaintance. — *Wildish* and the rest of my Fellow Sinners know me no otherwise then by the Name of *Blunt*. — I have not yet had Opportunity to inquire how my Father resents my loss, if he still retains his Covetous Humour, I will be still what I seem; But thank our Stars we are in *London*, the place of the World I admire most.

Pimp. Thank our Stars we are any where but at Sea, the very thought of the Sea turns my Head and Stomach, would any man with a dram of Brains here, venture his All, on that inconstant Element — catch me there again — and throw me to the Sharks, little *London* for my money.

Blunt. This indeed is Pleasures Empire, here she has fixt her Seate, and the whole World brings in its Tribute to support her Grandeur; here all Lives satisfactions are at their heighth, and e'ry joy refin'd to please the Nicest Appetite. Beauty and Mirth successively regale our Sences, and the pleas'd Soul enjoys it's largest wishes

Pimp. A most delicious place Sir, stick close to it — I wish my old Master had tipt off decently, then we need not have left it.

Blunt. Thou wilt never make a Columbus, *Pimpwell*.

Pimp. Hum! a Columbus — what the Devil is that? This Learning is plaguy troublesome to a mans understanding. I won't discover my Ignorance however (*aside*) not I Faith Sir, I had rather be a Bum bailiff.

Blunt. Carry this to my Fathers — 'tis a further confirmation of the Report I spread concerning my own death — bring me an Answer immediately, I shall be at the *Rose* or at my Lodgings. *(Ex: Pimpw.)*

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

9

Arabella and her Maid cross the Stage, Pimp following at a distance.

Blunt. By Heaven a Charming Creature! wou'd she were married to some Old Usurer, I'd do my part to send him to Heaven--- I wou'd not have her a Maid for the world, for tho' I love her as much as is possible at first sight, I wou'd not marry her, and to debauch her were down right Villany. Now is my Rogue out of the way at this nice juncture, wou'd he were here—

Pimp. At your Service Sir.

Blunt. What delivered the Letter already?

Pimp. No Sir, I started this Game by the way, and cou'd not for my Soul help following them.

Blunt. A true bred Cur——beat on——see where they settle.

Pimp. They are your own Sir, they are your own.

Blunt. How do'st know?

Pimp. Know Sir, why they are gone to Church.

Blunt. What then?

Pimp. I never knew any of 'em fail in my life---I can tell by Experience——I'll tell you an Adventure I had in a Chapple at *Brussels*——

Blunt. Damn your Adventures——I'll hear none of your Lyes.

Pimp. Pray Sir hear it.

Blunt. Hold your prating Sirrah, or I'll crack your Skul.

Pimp. Gad Sir, I had as live you shou'd, as interrupt me.

Blunt. D' Murther Raskal. *(Beats him off.)*

With eager steps I'll chase this flying Fair.

As she to Heaven, so will I kneel to her,

She can't deny a suppliant Lovers Prayer.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE A Room in the Rose.

Loveday and Wildish at a Table Drinking.

Wildish. P Rithee Ned why so Melancholy, dull over thy Bottle, hah? These are strange alterations——if water drinking brings a man to this, Heaven send me Grace to stick to my Bottle——here Man cheer up——thou art worse Company then a testy Lawyer in Term time.

Loveday. I may be merryer then you imagine——my Pailions are n't legible in my Face——a smiling Countenance is no more a sign of Chearfulness, then a Bullies dread Whiskers are of Courage.

G

Wild.

Wild. Then you are Merry, and Sad, and your Friends know it not, I love my friend should see my very Soul.

Loved. I am not of the Number then—else you wou'd have let me know your *Padrona*.

Wild. A Woman is an Exception to my Rule--their Reputations are tender, and must not be blown upon---Scandal is open Mouth'd, set it once a going, and stop it if you can, you shall know all that I may tell you with Honour, and he is not my friend who presses me further.

Loved. I know your Honour, and dare rely upon it--a Secret I see is safe with you, and therefore I trust you, with what concerns the future quiet of my Life.

Wild. No Plots *Ned*, I shan't care to swing for Company.

Loved. Nothing so dangerous--- you'l laugh at me.

Wild. Like enough (*aside*) you wrong my Friendship.

Loved. Why then I am—desperately in Love.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha—

Loved. I knew you'd mock my follies.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, who can forbear laughing to hear thee cry I'm in love, with that grave Phiz—why so have I with a Thousand several Women.

Loved. Your's was a sordid flame, a brutal Passion, Lust not Love, how e're unjustly term'd so—thus superstition is by *Idolaters* called Zeal, Hypocrisy misnam'd Piety, and a sanctify'd Appearance passes for Holiness.

Wild. There are Cheats in Love, have a Care *Ned* your Mistress does not prove one—Lovers are blind,—or at least short sighted, and see less than their Neighbours—But prethee to what fair one, dos Love owe thy Conversion?—let me judge.

Loved. One that Heaven fram'd the brightest of her Sex,
Fair beyond all that fancy can design,
Or Flattery invent, so Beautiful--

That Nature seem'd t'have Summon'd all her Art,
And in Composing her, excell'd her self.

Wild. Mad by this light---is she not a Woman?

Loved. So far above the Common rank of Women, so near approaching to Divinity, she seems all Soul.

Wild. Gone, beyond recovery, *ha, ha, ha*,—all Soul--An Error in *Philosophy*---the Learned doubt whether they've any, if they have---sure thou art the first Young fellow ever lov'd that in a Mistress--'tis time enough to admire their Souls, when their Bodies are decaying, if ever I doat on a Woman's Soul, it shan't be till she's old enough to be a *Sybil*.

Loved. You talk madly.

Wild. Let any one that is not a Lover be Judge, who's talk is madder yours, or mine---but her name?

Loved. Han't I described her?

Wild. Yes, as *Chimists* do their great *Elixir*, so extravagantly that no body believes 'em--if you are no better at a likeness, you must ev'n write her name at Bottom.

Loved.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Loved. Who but *Bellinda*, could have wrought this sudden change? I who was always an Heretick to Love, charm'd with the sight of this surprizing fair, ---am now become his humblest Votary.

Her killing Eyes resistless Arrows dart,
Like Lightning wound, and pierce the very heart.

Wild. A perfect *Limarick* - he rhimes in's Firs.

Loved. No longer laugh, but Pity me.

Wild. I do, heartily.

Loved. She's cold as Ice my friend.

Wild. Thaw her then.

Loved. Such severe Virtue all her Actions shew,
Such Awful Majesty tempers her every look,
As forbids hope, and dooms me to despair.

Wild. Ne're trust a Womans Outside, for to the wisest of us are deceiv'd,
--They always come abroad in Masquerade, and appear barefaced but to one another, for shame *Ned*, thou art a meer Platonick, Loves virtuous *Cult*, truit an old Gamster, to play cautiously is not the way to win---fling boldly, and they'll like you the better for't, he bids fairest for the favor, that snatches it, come, I'll prescribe you an experienced Remedy

Loved. No Faith *Wildish* I can't stay now, I have almost slipt my time.

Wild. I'll not part with you, till I've perform'd this pious Cure, but first more Wine. (Knocks)

Dram. Coming Sir, coming--Mr. *Wildish* the *Collonel* is in the House enquiring for you.

Wild. Desire him to walk up--I'm glad he's come to my Aid, now for my Remedy--I was once possess my self for two or three days, till I became such another puling *Coxcomb* as thou art now, --still restless and uneasy--I shun'd Conversation; and sought Solitude.---But when I found this wou'd not do; I betook my self to Sprightly *Burgundy*, sent for an old Acquaintance of the other Sex, fancyed her to be the Woman I pined for, and so cur'd my self of the *Pip*---how do you like the experiment?

Loved. Not at all---you prescribe like a *Quack*, and give the same Medicine to all Constitutions.

Wild. I don't know what Alterations this Plaguy Love has made in you, but 2 Months since our Constitutions were somewhat a kin --- thou hast loved a Flask, and a Girl *Ned*, as well as ever *Jack Wildish* did.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. And few love em better, I can say that for *Jack Wildish*.

Loveday! (starts)

Wild. No starting *Collonel* --- you are wellcome to my friend, he's an honest fellow when he's in his Senses, but he's a little out of 'em at present, prithee *Collonel* try what you can do for him---I have been at him already.

Blunt. What is the Gentlemans Ail?

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Wild. Nay the truth on't is his Condition is very bad—— he is heart sick—— *Cupid* has shot him through and through.

Blunt. His Cure's before him, 'tis an infallible Remedy for all Palpitations at the heart.

Wild. If he had the Grace to get it down I know 'twould do.

Blunt. If this wont, there's that in the House will.

Loved. You'l Pardon me Sir.

Wild. Stay, stay, let the *Collonel* try his Experiment.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. D'you call Gentlemen?

Blunt. More Wine --- and d'you hear? (*whispers*)

Drawer. Yes Sir. (*Exit Drawer.*)

Loved. No Women I beseech you Sir, they are grown more tiresome to me now, then they have been entertaining.

Wild. 'Twere an ill time for the poor Souls if all the Young Fellows thought so—— will you be cured, or are you mad enough to marry her?

Loved. Marry her! with all my Soul— 'tis what next Heaven I long for most.

Wild. Religiously spoken, you need not fear her, —— *Ned*

Lovedays Estate, and Merits, may Plead desert to any Ladies favour.

Loved. 'I would be a Scurvy Plea, for sure no Man can deserve her.

Enter Peggy.

Blunt. Here's one will divert you with a Song; g'morrow *Peggy*.

Peg. Your Servant *Coll.* Oh Mr. *Loveday*, where have you hid this Summer—— I han't seen you an Age.

Wild. Nor don't see him.

Peg. Not see him! blest my Eyes! you won't perswade me out of my Sences-- I know Mr. *Loveday*.

Wild. That's more then he does—— he has forgot himself, and Run mad, stark staring mad, up to the head and Ears in Love—— have you any Cure for a mad Lover?

Peg. I vow Mr. *Wildish* you talk strangely—— yet he looks but oddly—— if I can serve you Sir, you may command me.

Loved. You are very obliging--- give us the last new Song then.

Peg. I have one to your humor Mr. *Wildish*. Gentlemen, You'l excuse my bad Voice.

Blunt. Here's to the clearing on't (*drinks*) now begin.

SONG.

I.

HAPPY was man e're cheated Sence,
By Loves false fires misled,
From all the sweets of Innocence
To wilder Passions fled.
Free from desire he knew no fear
Enjoyments crown'd the Circling year.

2.

Since Art and Wisdom cannot stay
The too swift footed hours,
Let us in Pleasures melt the day.
While yet we call it ours.
He only truly knows to live
Who drinks, and scorns to Love or grieve.,

Wild. This is to my Humour indeed.

Loved. Now Gentlemen I must leave you, this speaks my thanks for your Song.

Wild. Where shall we meet anon ?

Loved. Trust Chance for that (*Ex. Loved*)

Wild, Peg what has he given thee ?

Peg. Anoth'r such would redeem my Velvet Scarf--

Wild The Jade banters my Poverty-- I have but *Three and Six Pence* in the World, and she has the Conscience to ask me for a *Crown*.

Coll. Come Child set down-- Prithee what shift did't make to live this Campaign time, when Trade was dead ?

Wild. She was laid up I suppose to be refitted, for the next Season.

Peg. Out upon you *Mr. Wildish*, I swear you are a Scandal to any Civil Womans Conversation

Wild. A Civil Woman indeed (*drolling*)

Bl. Don't mind him-- who were your chief Visitants ?

Peg. All things considered, I had no great reason to complain *Colonel*-- Visitants I had of all sorts, more than I desir'd- I'm sure ; my chief Friends were *Merchants Apprentices*-- the kindest Creatures-- *Poor Rogues*! they came constantly every *Sunday*, so sleek and their Bobs so Powder'd, and kist with such an Appetite, as if they had fasted all the Week before.

Wild. Ay marry, these were substantial Cullies.

Peg. But not lasting--their Excessive bounty soon run em out of their own Cash, and then they broke into their Masters, which was no sooner known, but my Sparks were packt away into the Country, to my great Mortification.

Blaze.

Blunt You should have been provident, and laid up for a Casualty,

Peg We shall have a saving World indeed *Collonel*, when Women of Pleasure come to Hoarding.

Wild Had you no *Lawyers Clerks*?

Peg Yes to my sorrow, I was forced to lock up every kind of thing, to my very *Night Cloaths*, for fear of losing 'em--there's nothing to be got from them but *Oaths*, and scraps of *Rocheſter*--I must leave you b'wy *Collonel*. (*Ex. Peg.*)

Blunt O' good b'wy.

Wild I shou'd recruit my Cash, if I knew where--

Blunt Won't your *Uncle* disburse?

Wild Will he cut his own Throat--disburse? I had as good desire him to hold the Door, while I am in Conference with his Wife.

Blunt He is married then?

Wild To an Angel --gad *Collonel* you might revenge me.

Bl: I'll think on't at leisure. I am now engag'd in an affair which I must attend, here's two Peices to supply your present Necessity--Adieu-- (*Exit.*)

Wild So, now I am set up again--this is a piece of wondrous Generosity to lend a man Money upon so slender Acquaintance, there must be something more then ordinary in this which I can't dive into. But I have the Money, no matter how.

*On this alone the Joys of Life depend,
This wins the Mistress, and this Gains the Friend.*

SCENE, Sir John Thrivewells House.

Enter Bell, Arabella, Betty.

Bell Well Sister, what Incouragement d'give me towards Wedlock? you have been married long enough now, to know all its Goods, and Ills.

Arab Three Months have I been Buryed alive.

Bell You would dishearten a young Venturer--you speak very terribly of your Condition --I thought Married folkes were meer decoys, willing to draw every body into the snare rather then want Company--Now can't I frame such dreadful Apprehensions of it for my life, prithee *Arabella* shew me my danger that I may be sure to avoid it.

Arab The Danger is in the choice, if Interest or Passion don't bias your Judgment, 'tis the best thing you can do--Marriage is a long Voyage, and you must expect to meet with rough Seas, and some Storms; therefore beware of an old weather beaten Vessel, for if you spring a Leak, the whole Cargo is lost.

Bell If the risque be so great, 'tis best keeping where I am.

Arab Happy you, whose Inclination is still free to look abroad and please it's self--the Worlds wide--you may pick where you like--I'm confin'd to all the Plagues, and Miseryes of Age, doom'd to uncomfortable days, and sleepless Nights, my Youth sold a Slave to an old mans humor, languish in silence, and know it is my Duty not to complain.

Bell Hideous, and doleful.

Arab.

Arab. Add to all, that I am barr'd from Conversation, all that might make Life supportable, then judge what I suffer.

Bell. Enough of the bad--if there be any good to be said of it, let's hear that.

Arab. When Love makes the Union, when equal years, suitable Tempers, and mutual Affections joyne in the Comfort, -- Marriage is all Harmony--the faithful Husband then centers all his wishes in your Arms, and there enjoying all his desires, in your satisfaction finds his own.

Bell. Of what Country growth are these Men Sister, not *English* I'm afraid.

Arab. No doubt there are such, tho' they are scarce, what think you of *Loveday*?

Bell. I don't think of him at all.

Arab. Then you are to blame, he thinks of nothing but you I'm sure.

Bell. Don't be too positive--he has vow'd it perhaps--Men will do it the moment they deceive you, and brag of it after--Marriage I find is a sheer tricking Lottery, a Thousand Blanks to every Prize; if ever I am such a mad Fool as to venture my Fortune in it, I hope my Lot won't be under Three-score, for all the Bagbears you set up to Fright me.

Arab. You won't make your self so wretched.

Bell. Pish, ther's convenience in't, the older he is, the sooner he'll dye, and leave me a Rich Widdow --his Age is easily supplied abroad, if Conscience ben't very nice indeed.

Arab. Your old Hunks wont be Jealous. (*jeering.*)

Bell. Now Debauch'd -- If I must have a Nauseous Filthy Fellow in Bed with me, I had rather he shou'd be a Snoring Dotard, then a Drunken Rake. All men you see have their Faults, but old men fewest.

Arab. All young Fellows are n't bad.

Bell. Most are--the hazard is great, the return but little, They are wisest who keep their Stocks in their own hands.

Arab. This won't be your mind always--What think you *Betty*?

Bet. I believe the Gentleman that Ogled your Ladyship at Church, wuld soon change Mrs. *Bellinda's* mind.

Bell. Ha, ha, a Gallant! --- I don't blame you.

Arab. I don't know what the Wench means--d' you think when I'm at Prayers I mind any thing else.

Bet. Your Ladyship cou'd n't chuse but see him, for his Eyes were never off you all Prayer time.

Bell. There must be something in this by your Blushing.

Arab. Do I Blush?

Bell. Never pretend to hide it, you do it so awkwardly 'tis the more seen.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Mr. *Sparkish* is below--Will your Ladyship please to be at home?

Bell. Yes, We shall have good sport with this Fop, you must expect his Addresses--he makes Love to ev'ry new Face, and is so great an Admirer of himself, he thinks every body else so.

Arabs.

Arab. You are his most perticular Adoration.

Bell. Yes, I thank him, he does plague me, but in so ridiculous a manner, I believe Laughter's the only Passion he can raise in any Woman.

Enter Sparkish.

Spark. Ladies your most Obedient Slave--Ah Madam, I han't seen you these seven years. *(to Bell.)*

Bell. 'Tis scarce so many days since you were here.

Spark. To a Wishing Lover, every day's a Year.

Arab. If absence be such an affliction, Sir, methinks you shou'd not have punish't your self so severely.

Spark. A Charming Creature *(aside.)* I'll tell your Ladyship the reason, I happen'd in Company the last week with *Jack Wildish*, and some other honest Fellows, where I was oblig'd to swallow a vast Quantity of filthy Clarret, which caus'd such an Eruption of Pimples in my Face, that I have been constrain'd to keep my Chamber, and Physick for 'em ever since--this is my first Sally I assure your Ladyship.

Bell. Fye Mr. *Sparkish* keep your Chamber for a few Pimples.

Spark. 'Ged Madam, I wou'd assoon appear upon the Stage in a full House with dirty Linnen, as be seen in Publick with a Pimple on my Face.

Arab. A Patch hides it Sir, and that's no uncommon sight in a Beau.

Spark. Your Ladyship does n't take me for a Beau.

Arab. For a most Accomplish'd Gentleman, and that I think is the true meaning of the word.

Spark. She's in Love with me already *(aside.)* Your Ladyships most Humble Servant-- a Beau is the most ridiculous Creature in the Universe, as the Rascaully Poets represent him on the Stage, by the World, I had rather be a *Dromedary*, then one of their Beau's.

Bell. Yet some of them are hit pretty well-- what think you of the Lord *Foplington*?

Spar. An Original--But don't think him to be found in the Creation, off the Stage,

Arab. I have seen something very near him,

Spark. Pray Madam where? May I be curst, if I wou'd n't go half a Mile on foot to see such a Monster,

Bell. I won't speak plainer for fear the Fool shou'd understand me--you have a pretty Suit on Mr. *Sparkish*.

Spark. 'Tis New Madam--my own Invention--I hate to follow in a Fashion--I wou'd as soon Dine after another, as dress after him.

Arab. You are the Original of all Gallantry.

Spark. Poor Creature, she's damnably Smitten, if I shou'd speak but one word in her praise now, she cou'd not resist me *(aside.)* Your Ladyship values me at too high a rate--but you indeed are all Perfection-- your Eyes Killing --your Mein Charming, your Air Graceful, your Dress Becoming-- your

Arab.

Arab. Hold, hold, what pity 'tis all these fine things should be thrown away upon a Wife--I am Married Sir.

Spark. Now is she wishing herself Unmarried for my sake (*aside*) Married! Who is the happy owner of so prodigious a Treasure--Ged judge me, had I the Universe and all its Glories at my disposal, I would give them all to be so blest one Night; 'tis happiness sufficient for an Age to touch this lovely hand.

Enter Sir John with a Letter, Scrap. and Pimpw.

Sir John. Why, how now Mr. *Sparkish*, you Invade this Gentlemans right.

Scrap. Ha, the Devil my Wife! Is this her going to Prayers—I find my Suspicions are just—Odsbud I can hold no longer—how now Mrs. do you go to Church here?

Ara. Pray'rs are newly over Sir.

Scrap. So it seem—I ended 'em sooner then you design'd I believe.

Spark. I hope you are n't Jealous Sir—I was only repeating an Amorous part out of a new Play.

Scrap. You did it much to the Life Sir—but pray no rehearsing with my Wife—go home Mistreis. (*to Arab*)

Betty. Now will your Ladyship believe my Master is Jealous.

Ara. I don't know what to believe—come Sister shall I have your Company.

Pimp. This is my Masters Pious Lady, and that's her Husband, I must dog her. (*Ex. Arab. Bell. Betty. Pimp*)

Spark. Ladyes, shall I have the Honour to wait on you? *Sir John*, your very humble Servant—Sir, I am yours,

Scrap.—And my Wife your's—Humph! he's going after her. Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Spark. Me Sir.

Scr. Pray how long have you been acquainted with that Lady?

Spark. Your humble Servant Sir—another time—pray excuse me, I must wait upon the Ladyes.

Scrap. Oh Torment! before my Fate! 'tis not to be endur'd.

Sir John. Stay Son— I have something to say to you when I have read this Letter— (*reads.*)

Scrap. Well I must bear it. (*aside.*)

Sir John. Oh Wretched Son of an Inhumane Father, I am owing thy untimely end; my cruel Nature for't thee out to Ruine, he's dead, the Staff of my old Age is dead; and more to Enhance the mighty Sum of Wee, by me he Dy'd.

Scr. Any ill news in your Letter Sir *John*?

Sir John. My Son, alas! my dearest Child's no more.

Scrap. I thought you had been satisfied of that long agoe.

Sir John. Never till now, Fame in uncertain rumors spoke his Death;

Yet still I hop'd, but Oh that hope was vain!
For see the fatal Truths confirm'd.

Scrap. If he be dead your Grief won't recal him, I thought you had been a man of more Virtue, then so immoderately to bewail an extravagant Son, by my troth if it were my Case I should be thankful for it.

Enter Pimpwell.

Pimp. So, I have lodg'd her, what may these Showers portend, no harm I hope.
Sir John. How can I grieve enough for such a loss, an only son, and I my self the Cause?

Scrap. You the Cause! -- how can that be?

Sir John. I checkt his youth with too severe a hand,
Held hard the Reins, and scorning gentler
Methods, with harsh reproaches tired his Gen'rous
Spirit. Oh had I lurd him on to Vertues Practise,
By milder Councels, and frank Confidence,
Had not I shut, the open hand of Bounty.
He still had lived, and I been happy.

Pimp. So, so, This is as it should be (*aside*)

Sir John. Too late I see the Dangerous Rocks and shelves,
On which Young men by Parents strictness dash
For ever Perish----

With foolish care the Torrent we oppose,
And damm the Flood, which rageing for its passage,
O're flows its Banks, and drowns our future quiet;
Else would it keep its Bounds, and calmly flow,
Till in Lifes Ocean it had lost its name.

Scrap. Greif has turn'd your Brain *Sir* -- this is rank Heresy *Sir John*.. wou'd you have Parents encourage lewdness, or d'you think all have their time for Debauchery?

Sir John. Give it a Gentler Name.

Scrap. If so, tis in vain to suppress the growth of Vice and preach up early Vertue-- We had as good let our Children take their Swing, and wait patiently, when they please to reform.

Sir John. Let all Parents take warning by me---be my Misfortune to them a Sea mark to shun those sands where so many have already been wreckt---you especially *Sir*, you have a *Nephew*, whose brisk humor and gaiety much resembles that of my unfortunate Son--flint him not, give him in reason what he asks, least his wild Courses, plunge him in those mischeifs, I have so much cause to lament.

Pimp. I am like to stay long enough for an Answer (*aside*)

Scrap. I'll see him hang'd first (*aside*) why *Sir John* wou'd you have me ruin his Soul, and my own Estate? Shou'd I give what he'd ask, he wou'd beggar me in one week, and ride Post to the Devil himselfe the next.

Sir John

Sir John. Pardon me Honest Friend, Grief made me forget thee,
The News you have brought me is very unwelcome,
This with my thanks, may make thee some Amends
For thy long stay--(*gives him money*) tell your Master
I wou d feign see him here, to learn from his own
Mouth, all the Circumstances of this dismal story.

Pimp. I will Sir (*Ex.*)

Sir John. Curse on my liberal hand--
Now 'tis too late I'm prodigal of Wealth
The Miser thus, when the Grim Tyrant Death
(ready to push him headlong to the Grave)
Stares in his face; but for one hours reprieve,
Wou'd give the sordid Gains of his whole Life.
What I design'd my Son, shall go to charitable
Uses, that (if possible) I may atone for my
Barbarous usage to him.-----

Scrap. *aside*) I was in hopes of getting something by his Liberallity,

Sir John. To you Son Scrapall will I give a Thousand Pounds, as an Addition
to my Daughters Fortune.

Scrap. Sir John I return you a Thousand thanks.

Sir. John. But with this provisoe, that you give your Nephew a better Allowance then formerly.

Now from the Day to Darknes I'll retire
Nor any thought of human kind admit,
But the dear Memory of my much lov'd Son.
For him in constant Grief my hours I'll spend,
Till with my wretched life my Sorrows end.

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the Second Act

ACT III. SCENE, Blunts Lodgings.

Blunt Solus.

Blunt. DID ever I think it would come to this, must I be one of Loves
motly Fools? I had ill luck to loose her so—she vanish in a Mist
—Gad I'm afraid she's gone to Heav'n — but if she be upon Earth I'll
find her (*Enter Pimp:*) What's the News with you?

Pim. I am top full Sir, I shall run over presently.

Bl: I am all impatience to know my fate.

Pimp. I was alway a dextrous Person at manageing these affairs.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Bl. Spare your own praises, and let me know the success of your Negotiation.

Pimp. I went Sir —

Bl. Be brief — what effects had my Letter?

Pimp. Your Father had no sooner read it, but he broke out into the most Violent Expressions love and grief cou'd find — his Exclamations were seconded with such a flood of tears, and Groans so loud, as wou'd awaken'd pity in any Breast.

Bl: 'Tis as I could wish.

Pimp. I was afraid I shou'd never have an Answer, but indeed when the old Gentleman spoke, 'twas to the purpose.

Bl: What said he?

Pimp. This, and this, all these Sir (*shows money*)

Bl: Oh unexpected Happiness! — he not only laments my Death, but has laid by his niggardly Temper

Pimp. He desires to see you Sir at his House.

Bl: I'll go this Minute, and discover —

Pimp. You wont stay and hear the rest.

Bl: Yes, yes, out with't —

Pimp. I saw — who do you think I saw Sir.

Bl: The Devil —

Pimp. Well guess, — I saw that same pretty Charming Devil, who tempted you to Church to day against your Inclination.

Bl: Ha! where, prithee where?---

Pimp. At Sir Joons.

Bl: Nay, then I fly (*going*)

Pimp. Hold, Sir Ho d, she's gone from thence -- I followed her to her own House, which is the very next Door.

Bl: 'Slife, *Wildish* his Uncles (*aside*)

Pimp. I had not time to make any great discovery---This I know, she is Married, her Husband old and I believe Jealous---farther enquiry may be made ir,

Bl: About it instantly dear honest Pimpwell.

Pimp. Now it is dear honest Pimpwell, before 'twas Son of Whore, and a kick (*aside*) I'll do it Sir, I'll creep into the family Secrets I warrant you---but I shall want a little money to blind the Spies Sir.

Bl: There 'tis for you---make hast (*gives him money*)

Pimp. Never fear Sir--trust my management-- don't I tell you I'll do it.

Bl: Sdeath I'm upon the Rack, and thou tortur'st me with impertinence

Pimp. Say no more Sir—but trust me I'll do it (Ex.)

Bl: Thus far Fortune smiles--the way to happiness looks smooth, and all above is clear, and serene--m Fate is now in my own hands and I may be received into Grace, when ever I please to be known, — I wish I don't blunder in my Story, if I trip I am discover'd before I would be, --this 'tis to be in love — I can think of nothing but this glorious Apparition--Duty must wait a while--till I hear more of her, I shall chuse to be as I am —

Enter

Enter Wildish.

Wild. How now *Colonel*, have you your musing Fits too, in my Conscience all the young Fellows in Town are running mad, this Love grows Epidemical

Bl. Who is in love *Wildish*?

Wild. The Symptoms are very strong upon you --but *Ned Loveday* is quite gone--there's a Fellow now, was as good a Companion as liv'd till this damn'd Frenzy seiz'd him-- But now he shall sit in Company, as thoughtful as a *Coffee-House* Politician over a thumb'd *News Paper*.

Bl. Who has spoil'd him thus *Jack*?

Wild. *Bellinda*, Daughter to *Sir John Thrivewell*:

Bl. Is she handsome?

Wild. Ask *Loveday*, he'll tell you wonders---I am no Judge, for I'm no Lover.

Bl. Therefore the best—a Lover is no more a Judge of his Mistress Beauty, then she he self, but is as false a Mirrour as her own *Looking Glass*.

Wild. Oh Sir, Beauty and Painting require Skill in the Judge—the Ignorant may be deceived— and as there are certain charms in curious *Pictures* only known to Masters, so there may be something in a Ladies face only visible to her Lover.

Bl. I don't take Lovers to be so quick Sighted—I rather look upon them as Blind votaries who are always most Zealous in those matters of which they are most ignorant: But to divert this dull discourse—how are Affairs managed at the *Playhouse*? who are the most Celebrated Wits? 'Tis almost 7 years since I enjoy'd that beloved diversion—no small Addition to my Sorrow for being so long beyond Sea.

Wild. There's as great an alteration as in any Government I know; Wit and good sense have been long banisht thence, and in their stead Farce, Song, and Dance have got the Sovereign Sway. Farce writers and Songsters are now the most fam'd for Wit, and *Jack Puddings* for Acting. A Capering *Monsieur* shall get more in a Month then a good Player can in a Year.

Bl. Then 'tis not worth ones while to go to the *Playhouse*.

Wild. Yes to save money.

Bl. Save money!

Wild. I'll prove it the cheapest House in Town—You sit there three hours for half a *Crown*, and in that time at the Tavern 'twould cost you three, at my Ladies *Basset Table* as many *Guineas*, and at the *Groom Porters* more Hundreds.

Bl. I always thought the *Playhouse*, was in order for the Tavern.

Wild. There's Variety, the only thing can make Life relish,
Are you for the Play to Night?

Bl. I am elsewhere engaged.

Wild. With some Strumpet I'll lay my Life—Pox on them, I begin to abhor them, they but spoil good Company.

Bl.

Bl: I am going to visit Sir John Thrivewell.

Wild. His Greif is so great for the loss of his Son, which has been newly Confirm'd, that he admits no Company.

Bl: Mine is upon his own Invitation, — I brought him that Confirmation.

Wild. Were you acquainted with Frank?

Bl: Intimately.

Wild. Poor Frank — Faith I pity him with all my heart he was a good Natured jolly fellow, — he and I have made many a night of it, — But we are all Mortal.

Bl: Ha, ha, ha, pray when had you so serious a thought of Mortallity before?

Wild. Not a great while — nor I don't design to think on't more, Death will come too soon, whether we think or no, to be always meditating on our Graves, is the sure way to bring us to 'em; — 'tis inverting the order of nature, and beginning at the wrong end of the Course; a Charnel House in my opinion is no such pleasant Prospect, — hang all sorts of thinking, it damps Mirth, brings hollow Eyes, and wrinkl'd Cheeks. What think you of a Song to the purpose.

Bl: With all my Heart.

Wild. But I tell you beforehand what you are to expect, The Tune, and Words are both my own Composition,

Bl: No Apologies, I beseech you Sir.

S O N G.

(1.)

LET the Politick Sot
Against Monarchy plot,
And dye a bold Martyr to faction;
He who takes o' his Glass
Will ner'e be such an Ass,
As to study a Nations distraction.

(2.)

Tis the Sober and wise
Who consult and devise
How to tumble all into Confusion;
But no changes of State
Vex the Good Fellows Pate
Nor thoughts of his own Dissolution.

(3.)

Lets Drink while we have it
Tis Nonsense to save it
Ner'e think who shall pay at the Ferry;
If Charon (such fate is)
V'ont waft us o're Gratis
VVe'l stay on this side and be Merry.

Blunt.

Bl. Thou art a profest Libertine, *Wildish*.

Vila. I must confess I love to live while I may, and take my Share in the transitory Comforts of this Uncertain World, You won't to the Play you say, —I will ev'n go home, put on the Countenance of Sobriety, and endeavour to squeez a small Sum out of my Uncle. — *Colonel* your Servant. (Ex.)

Blunt. Yours — Tis a mad Spark — I don't wonder he shou'd n't know me, for he knows no body long — but that a few Years should blot me out of the remembrance of all my friends, is wondrous strange! I suppose they reckon me a Fellow of no ordinary assurance for being so soon acquainted among them — Time will clear all doubts

*Three different Passions now divide my Soul,
And in their turn, it's every power controul;
Love, hope, and fear, claim each an equal sway,
While I, to each a Slave, must all obey.* (Ex.)

S C E N E, Scrapalls House.

Enter Arabella and Olinda.

Ar. I am glad I know the cause of his Distemper — does Jealousy make his Noddle ake? from this hour I'll be free, I have been too long a Slave to his Jealous humour — he shan't think to mew me up here — I declare for Liberty, and a free state, and will in spite of his Tyranny, visit the Park, and Play House, and take all other Innocent Diversions the Town affords as well as others of my Age and Condition.

Ol. Bless me! here's my Father, he has heard all.

Enter Scrap,

Scrap. I am glad I know your Resolutions *Mrs*. but you shall neither visit Park, nor Play house, nor take any of those Innocent Diversions, (as you call 'em) Nay, you shant go no more to your beloved Prayers — I'll prevent your gadding for the future, I'll have my Doors Lockt up imediatley — you shant stir a Foot without my knowledge — come, come, I begin to see through your Devotions — 'tis all pretence and shew, you would feign be thought very Godly forsooth, but I shrewdly suspect your Practises are not very Orthodox.

Arab. Pray Husband, will you explain your self.

Scrap. No, no, Wife you want explaining, had you not better deal openly and fairly with me — if I am too old for your purpose, if you must go to the Play, and to the Park, and to my Lady Tittle Tattles, and Mrs. Fiddle Faddles to pick up young Fellows, why can't you apply your self directly to me, and tell me the downright truth of the matter.

Ol. For all my Fathers Lecture, I'm resolv'd my Husband shall never be my Confident in my Amours (aside)

Scrap. This had been something, here was fair warning, and I knew what to

to trust to. But to deceive me, and the World with your borrowed Sanctity, is not so well, 'tis not indeed — as I am an honest Man she does not so much as blush for it.

Ol. Here's a Storm toward, I'll ev'n make off to shelter. (*aside, Ex. Olind.*)

Arab. Let the guilty blush — you ought to be ashamed for your self, to asperse Innocence, and render Age which should be revered, despicable — this jealousy is more scandalous then your Avarice.

Scrap. My Age, and my Avarice, so, so,

Arab. What can you charge me with? what Intreague have I ever ingag'd in — What Amours have I encouraged?

Scrap. Oh Impudence! did not these Eyes see —

Arab. What did they see? — your Jealousy sees double, — I challenge the whole world to cast the least blemish upon my unfullyed Reputation; — you saw a Fellow kiss my hand, a monstrous Crime, was it not? I gave it him to divert my selfe, as I would my Fan, or Glove, to a Jugler that I might see his Tricks — I don't speak this to excuse my self — 'tis not worth my while,

Scrap. Oh prodigious! she gloryes in her wickedness!

Arab. Nay since you have provoked me to this degree I'll freely speak my mind, — was it for this my blooming Youth was sacrific'd to thy old withered Arms?

Scrap. Ay, ay, tis so — I am that sort of a thing, that implement belonging to your Ladyship called a Cuckold, hum! Pray go on with your story.

Ar. Was it for this I was contented to want all those Pleasures which suit my years, and confined my self to this Wilderness of a House — Love indeed was the pretence, 'twas Love and dissimbled kindness kept me from the Wells — pray Dear don't leave me here alone, business won't permit me to bear thee Company, and I can never live without thee.

Scrap. Have you done yet?

Arab. No, I'll ne're have done, — your Covetousness, and Gripping, I bore with patience, but your suspicions, are not to be endured, — expect it monster, — I will be reveng'd, I shant lye tamely down, and cry over my wrongs. but summon all that's Masculine in my Soul, to aid me, Don't think I mean to right my self by injuring my Virtue, that wou'd be a revenge too mean and dishonourable.

Scrap. Odsbud, I did not think she had such a Spirit — she'll certainly murder me — I must seemly make friends for my own sake (*aside*) And do you think I was in earnest Duck — I did but try you — I never was jealous in my life, not I, indeed Dear I was not, go where you will — and do what you will, but don't be angry.

Arab. Have not I just cause?

Scrap. You san't frown, indeed you san't — you shall have no more cause Duck — what I was but in jest.

Arab. 'Tis a dangerous way of jesting — next time you are disposed to be merry, you would do well to find another Subject.

Scrap. Well, well, I wont no more — I won't truly — but fall us be Friends then? come let's kiss and friends.

Arab.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

65

Arab. I am soon pacify'd - now am I drawing a Nauseous Kiss upon my self. (aside)

Scrap. I fiant think you truly reconciled till you kiss me.

Arab. There (kiss) Fogh! this would make one forswear kissing (aside) you won't jest any more I hope?

Scrap. Nor you be angry---

Arab. Not unless you are Jealous in jest.

Scrap. What if I am in earnest?

Arab. Keep it to your self.--so I am not plagu'd with it, I shall be well enough satisfied.

Scrap. A Bargain.

Arab. Adieu Husband--I am going out to see a friend--nay no frowning, as you wou'd preserve the peace--had I submitted patiently to the Yoak, what a blessed time shou'd I have had all my life long?

She that owns a higher Pow'r herself befools

The huffing Wife the jealous Husband rules. (Ex.)

Scrap. All is not right yet--I doubt she bears Malice in her Heart--These Women are Devils when provok'd--Odsbud, I cou'd not have believ'd it was in her,--I alway took her to be as mild as a Lamb, but I find her more furious than a Tyger---She has bloody thoughts, that's certain---She told me she wou'd not so meanly revenge her self as to Cuckold me, no I thank her,--that she has done already--and now would cut my Throat for suspecting her--I must consult Dash--(Enter Dash) Oh Thomas, thou art come most Opportunely,--I stand in great need of thy advice.

Dash. What strange Alterations are these? your looks seem Ghastly, and disordered Sir--has any thing frightened you?

Scrap. Well they may Dash,--well they may,--I go in peril of my life,--my precious Spouse has a design to murder me.

Dash. How Sir, Impossible!

Scrap. Ah such Language!--such bloody Threats!--'twould make thy hair stand bolt upright to hear 'em.

Dash. Incredible!

Scrap. This is nothing Man--if thou had'st but seen her in that posture I did, with what a Malicious fiery countenance she spoke 'twould have terrify'd thee indeed,--Destruction was in her Eyes, and flames in her Nostrills--look look, Death is come for me--dost thou not see where the Grim Ugly Monster stands, shaking this Iron Mace at me?

Dash. There's nothing Sir--'tis all fancy.

Scrap. Hark what Voice was that--something cryed have a Care--No doubt my good Angel's come to warn me of my approaching danger.

Dash. They are fast enough for doing any body good (aside)

Scrap. Are not these things Ominous Dash?--I shall never sleep more 'till this Viper that preys upon my rest be exstirpated--

Dash. Can I be any way Serviceable to you Sir?

Scrap. I have been a very good Master to thee *Thomas*.

Dash. I cant deny it Sir.

Scrap. Wou'd it not trouble thee to lose me?

Dash. I hope there is no danger of it Sir, --- whither does this tend? (*aside*)

Scrap. If thou wouldst but do one thing for me *Thomas*, thou shalt never want while I live.

Dash. You may command me Sir.

Scrap. Shut the Door, we must be very Secret in't I have told thee in what perpetual fear I live, and what danger my Life will be in, while this Malicious Woman is in the House with me --- now thou may'st do a Charitable Deed, and rid me of her.---

Dash. That lyes in your own power Sir---Sue out a Divorce.

Scr. But *Thomas*, that will be very chargable, and after all there must be a seperate Maintenance, at least 200*l.* per Ann, a very great sum of Money--besides Sir *John* has promised me a Thousand Pound more, that wou'd be lost, shou'd we proceed to an open Rupture---Methinks it wou'd be more discreet to put her out of all possibility of doing me an Injury---what dost thou think?

Dash. If I understand you Sir, you wou'd have her murther'd.

Scrap. Thou hast hit it, 'twould be very kind in thee to do this for thy Master, a meer Act of Charity.

Dash. A very barbarous one I don't like the Employment.

Scrap. Don't be so lond good *Thomas*.

Dash. This old mans Villany is beyond Faith. (*aside*)

Scrap. Looke *Thomas*, there's a perfect Necessity for the doing it, and that quite takes away the Barbarity--self preservation is natures most Fundamental Law--we are oblig'd by our very being to protect it---Suppose thou wert assaulted on the Highway, would'st thou not defend thy self, nay kill the Assailant, rather then loose thy own life?

Dash. No doubt I shou'd Sir.

Scr. My Case is worse--here is private treachery intended, I shou'd be a self Murtherer, if I did not keep the Knife from my Throat.

Dash. 'Tis a heinous Sin Sir.

Scrap. Humph!--why that's true--yet hang it *Thomas*, We know what we are, and where we are now ---but who can tell what wil become of us hereafter?

Dash. A meer *Arbeist*,--one may guess where you'l go hereafter. (*aside*) It would be Murther in me Sir, tho' ne're so excusable in you.

Scrap. Prithee *Dash* think a little better on't,--I always took thee for my friend, and sure a friend will venture as far for the preservation of his friends life as his own.

Dash. I'll seem to comply with him, there may be something made on't. (*aside*)

Scrap. Come, Come, *Thomas* here's money for thee--what honest Industry must be encouraged---prithee consider on't a little.

Dash. Why truly Sir, It do's not seem so criminal as at first View.

Scrap.

Scrap. I must confess it had a foul aspect--here, here's more money for thee--I warrant thou wilt not think it halfe so bad as thou did'st.

Dash. How bountiful is he for Mischief! (*aside*) Nay Sir I begin to find (as you well observ'd) that Necessity will palliate the Guilt--it must be done for the preservation of your life, more vallued by me then a thousand such as hers.

Scrap. Honest *Dash*--well thou art my best Friend--I knew it would startle thee at first.

Dash. How wou'd you have it done, by what means, for that's next to be considered on.

Scrap. I leave it wholly to thee.

Dash. Poison I know is the most silent Death, but most Suspicious--It must be so done as may give the World no cause to suspect you had any hand in it. Now shou'd she be poison'd, all that hear of your Quarrel will conclude you the Guilty Person.

Scrap. Right.

Dash. Therefore I think 'twil be best killing her abroad.

Scrap. Softly.

Dash. Which may be done very conveniently to morrow morning--You know it is her Custome to walk out very early. Now the time will give us a fair Opportunity to dispatch her without Noise.

Scrap. Excellent.

Dash. I shall want more Money, Sir.

Scrap. How *Dash*! I profess thou hast had ten Shillings already.

Dash. It won't be proper for me to appear in the Business Sir, I know a couple of Fellows will be glad to do it, Men us'd to Bloud, and bred up in Slaughter,--But a good Reward will be necessary to Seal up their Lips.

Scrap. Never doubt, they'l be Secret for their own sakes. yet thou shalt have more Money,--But prithee *Thomas* bargain as hard as thou can'st (*one Knocks.*) Bless me who's that!

Dash. I'll see--'tis your Nephew, Mr. *Wildish*.

Enter Wildish.

Scrap. Dost think he did not listen?

Dash. No Sir, I heard him come up Stairs (*aside.*)

Scrap. Your humble Servant good Mr. *Wildish*--you are grown a great Stranger here, have you any Business with me Sir? (*Fearingly.*)

Wild. I am come Sir-----

Scrap. Ay--I see you are--for what? pray be covered Sir.

Wild. I humbly desire,-----

Scrap. I know the stile--'tis the old Story, you want Money.

Wild. I am glad Sir, you are sensible of my wants--I must confess my present Visit is in hopes you'l supply 'em.

Scrap. Your hopes have deceiv'd you, I shan't give you a Farthing.

Wild. Then I must Rob Sir.

Scrap. Then you may be Hang'd Sir---do, with all my heart, I'll come and see you make your Exit Decently.

Wild. For the Honour of your Family.---

Scrap. Hearkee Nephew--my Money is Honour, and Family to me--therefore I part not with a Cross--I must give the Rogue something, spight of my Resolves to starve him. Sir *Johns* Thousand Pounds is on that Condition (*aside*) How much will supply your great Necessity?

Wild. A Hundred Guinea's wou'd do me a kindness for the present.

Scrap. A Hundred Guinea's!--art mad, or dost think me so? A Hundred Guinea's wou'd do thee a kindness for the present, by my troth and so they will me,--here are Five, take them and blefs my Liberality.

Wild. These indeed are more then I expected (*aside*.) alas Sir, this won't pay my Seamstres--besides there's my Taylor, Shoo maker, my Perruke-maker, my Hosyer, my Perfumer, my--

Scrap. So, so, so--what a Pox have you to do with half these People, --- I plac't you in the *Temple* to Study the Law, and your Study is to be a Beau, a Fop, an Ass, a Fool, ---owe your Seamstres Five Guinea's! How can it be?

Wild. Five Guinea's, will go but a very little way in Linnen, Sir.

Scrap. Not in your Loggerheaded *Steenkirks* indeed--what need you wear any thing but a Band and Cuffs?

Wild. My Uncle wou'd make a fine prim old fashion'd Gentleman of me. (*aside*.)

Scrap. And what occasion had you to cut off your Hair, a very decent Head of Hair, I protest almost as good as *Dash's*. ---But you must be a Beau.

Wild. This old Fellow asks so many Impertinent Questions, I shall deserve my Five Guinea's richly, (*aside*.) Sir I had very Scandalous Hair, not fit for a Gentleman to be seen in.

Scrap. Humph! a Gentleman! suppose you had cut it off--pray why cou'd not you content your self with a Bob as well as I---look here's a Wig--how long do you think I have had it?

Wild. Ever since the Revolution I suppose (*aside*.) perhaps a Year or Two.

Scrap. I protest I have worn it these Five Years--and 'tis not very Contemptible yet.

Wild. 'Twill be as good Fifty Years hence I'll engage. (*aside*.)

Scrap. When will you be so good a Husband--Five Years, I protest 'tis almost Six. --What say you *Thomas*?

Dash. Thereabouts Sir.

Scrap. And What do you think it cost me?

Wild. About Thirty Shillings.

Scrap. But Fifteen, that's but half a Crown a Year, this is only by way of Instruction to teach you Thrift.

Wild. Hair of that Colour wou'd not suit my Complexion Sir, 'tis too dark.

Scrap. Not suit it!--I'll warrant thee--do but try it on, look there *Dash*--do's it not become him a Thousand times better then this Horse Tail?

Wild.

Wild. I suppose I make a very pretty Figure now (*aside*) I assure you Sir I am not ambitious of wearing fine Cloaths or long Wigs; but 'tis the fashion you see, and one must comply with the times, or run the hazard of being laugh't at

Scrap. This Pride is the Plague of our Age--those were happy times when ordinary Cloaths were worn, and the Pockets well lin'd--now all goes to make a show--You shall see the Varlet strut, and look big in his Lords cast suite, and her Ladyships Woman so deckt, tis hard to know which is which,--turn her out of Doors and her whole Estate's about her.

Wild. The way of the world in little--One sin upbraids another, the Covetous man rails at the Proud, he again at the Voluptuous, and so they take their round--But this is not to my purpose--who knows but this may be the Generous minute--I'll try (*aside*) Sir you have begun a good work, and you had best finish it.

Scrap. What but Pride has brought our Afflictions and Taxes upon us?--yet instead of being humbled, our Arrogance increases daily--We are the Spawn of those old Giants who were for carrying Heaven by Storm--every Woman wears Babel upon her head, and defiance in her face--how can't thou endure that Rascally foretop on thy head?

Dash. Was ever the like heard, he preaches against Pride and is contriving Murder (*aside*)

Scrap. Well boy, beleive thy old Uncle--they may talk what they will of Prudence, Temperance, Chastity, and a whole Catalogue of other Virtues--But Frugality is vertue in short hand, the Practice of Piety in a word, and the nearest way to happiness.

Wild. Sir I design to be an Example of frugality to all the Youth of the Age--But first I must clear my old Scores, which require a larger Summ then you have given me.

Scrap. Poh, poh, 'tis a great deal of Money I protest, but since thou giv'st me such large hopes of Amendment I'll venture the other Five--there.

Wild. This wont do Sir.

Scrap. What, what--thou wilt ruine me at this rate prithee bring thy Creditors to a Composition--they will be glad of Twelve pence in the Pound, for all thy Debts are mark'd desperate. (*Ex. Scrap. Dash.*)

Wild. Solus. How came I to be so lucky a Dog to nick this giving moment? When have I tasted so largely before of his Bounty, or when shall I again? let me consider now how to make good use of my Tallent--First I'll drown all care in a Flask of good Red, and then to some Yeilding Fair.

*When Mighty LOVE descended from above,
For sakeing HEAVEN to tast of Mortal love,
He took a form more powerful then his own,
And in a shower of this came rattling down,*

(*Exit.*)

S C E N E, Sir John Thrivewells House.

Enter Sir John, and Coll. Blunt.

Sir John. Your Relation Sir is full of horror, such as wou'd force tears even from indifferent Eyes; what then must be a wretched Fathers Grief?

Blunt. Moderate.—

Sir John. Alas! Sorrow like mine can know no bounds, wild as the Storms that vex the troubled Ocean, it threatens nothing less then Universal Wrecks — Pardon me Sir if my Misfortunes make me rude.

Blunt. It grieves me Sir, that I have thus disturb'd your Quiet, But 'twas a dyeing Friends last request, and cou'd n't be avoided — Yet I rejoyce to see these falling signs of an unfeigned Repentance — If yet the knowledge of what is here transacted, remain to Spirits after dissolution; 'twill please my Dear Friends Ghost, to know me faithful, and you no more unkind.

Sir John. Heaven knows I never was — why do I thus excuse my self, the end has proved it — curst fate! You seem to love his memory — therefore to you —

Bl. Check the Violence of your Grief I beseech you Sir.

Sir John. To you I'll justify my Actions — if I have erred 'twas through too much love, that made me try to draw him from those Courses, I then thought led him to certain ruine; but Providence had otherwise ordain'd, and whom I sought to save, I cast away.

Blunt. He never doubted your Love — he has with tears to me confess your goodness, and at his Death so heartily bewailed his Folly —

Sir John. No more of that — call not those Ills to my Remembrance, which I wou'd bury in Oblivion, as dark, and silent as his Grave — Sence were well lost cou'd I forget but that — Oh Daughter! your Brother — Oh!

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. Pray Sir do not afflict your self so severely, it makes me weep to see you thus.

Sir John. Had Heaven thought fit to take him by any Natural means, my loss and Grief had then been common with other Fathers.

Blunt. He fell nobly — what better Fate cou'd you wish him, then to dye warm in Battle, Fighting his King and Countreys Cause?

Sir John. Had he sought this Honorable Occasion willingly, His Glorious Death had made Amends for all my Sorrow — but dire despair hurried him to his Fate, And I to dire despair.

Blunt. Let me beg you Sir to think no more on't — if you thus reason with your Grief, 'twil never end.

Sir John. It never shall but with me.

Enter

Enter Loveday.

Loved. What may this Pomp of sadness mean? how now *Blunt* here! what can this business be? ——— *Sir John*, and my fair one both in tears! how charming Grief sits in those lovely Eyes! — *Sir* I ask Pardon if I intrude upon your privacies.

Sir John. I Ask yours *Sir*—I saw you not, Grief has so wholly taken up my Sences they can't perform their functions.

Loved. may I ask the Cause?

Sir John. My Sons untimely end.

Loved. Any new Circumstance.

Sir John. 'Tis all too faithfully related—this Gentleman was by his side when he received his Deaths wound.

Loved. I share in your sorrow for him *Sir*, he was my friend.

Enter Pimp: while they are talking and whispers *Blunt*.

Blunt. A sudden affair calls me away *Sir*, ——— I hope you'll pardon the Abruptness of my Departure.

Sir John. *Sir* your Servant ——— you were poor *Frank's* friend. Give me leave hence forward to call you mine—the Remembrance will make me troublesome company, I hope to see you often.—

Blunt. I'll study to deserve the Honor of your friendship.

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE The Piazza

Enter Blunt, and Pimpw:

Blunt. THOU hast told me wonders — thou deservest Statues and Inscriptions my dear *Mercury*.

Pimp. *Mercury*—a very pretty name that—pray who was that Gent. *Sh*?

Blunt. The Founder of your Order, you Dog—he was a Petty Deity himself, and *Pimp* in ordinary to the whole Assembly.

Pimp. Oh *Sir*, your humble Servant——Your very humble Servant, you do me too much Honour.

Bl. But what use can we make of thy Discoveries?

Pimp. Can't you tell *Sir*.

Bl. Not I faith — I rely upon thy Conduct.

Pimp. Why then — But in the first place I must ask you a very Necessary Question--perhaps you may think it a little impertinent--have you any more money to spare Sir?

Bl. Ay, Ay, bring me but to speak to her, thou shalt have what Money thou wilt, thou shalt command my Purse.

Pimp. My Master has a very good Opinion of himself--he thinks if he do's but give the Summons, the Fort must surrender. (*aside.*) I must have it down on the Nail, or I can't go one step further, I told you that I have mollify'd the Chamber Maids heart, she is the very Lock and Key to her Mistress--Oyle her Springs but well.

Bl. I understand thee--This Golden Rhetorick is to perswade her to Terms of Agreement--there (*gives him money*)

Pimp. Ay marry Sir--this will do the work--I'll be hang'd if e're a Chamber Maid in this Righteous Town, is proof against these pretty shining Orators--you are too liberal Sir--for half of this she wou'd betray her Mrs. Body, and her own Soul.

Blunt. Well, well, drive your bargain as cunningly as you can, and take the Overplus for your labour.

Pimp. 'Tis the only way to have your work well done, not to stint your pay--If this should fail (which I think next to impossibility) I must set my Wits to work again for you. (*going*)

Bl. Hold, take this Letter with you.

Pimp. Nothing like it Sir, next to Kisses, soft words are the most prevailing Arguments with a Lady, (*Ex.*)

Bl. So, if this Rogue succeeds what a happy Fellow shall I be--But am not I to blame, not to discover my self, the old Gentleman takes on so heartily, it is barbarous to keep him longer in suspense--yet one day will break no squares I hope, for I must possess this Damosel.--Oh that I had her clasped in my longing Arms! the very thought is extasy, and gives a delicious prospect of those Joys to come. Ha! the Disconsolate *Loveday*.

Enter Loveday

Loved Now fate I contemn thee--thou hast shovr'd all thy Malice on my devoted Head,--yet I am still unmov'd.

Bl. In doleful dumps Sir,--does *Bellinda* yet frown?

Loved Name her not.

Blunt. Hey day, what Cross wind blows now, what is the Meaning of that Melancholy look, that Careless slouch? Is death is there such a disagreeable Figure under the Sun, as a distrustful Lover? Would to Heaven *Bellinda* saw you now, it would certainly melt her frozen heart into Compassion.

Loved. You are merry Sir.

Bl. So wou'd you be Sir, if you had the same prospect. Oh for a Looking Glass that you might but view it your self! away with those doubts, and cause-

less

Loved That indeed is undoubted Security--Your Interest must be extraordinary on so slender Acquaintance.

Loved, That I must confess is a very Necessary Companion, especially in this Age.

Loved. Ay but too much--

Loved. They may do very well together--But how contemptible is a poor Rogue that is fancy?

Loved. But in how lost a Condition must that Lover be, whose Mrs Ob-
durate heart is proof against all the Allurements of Love and Interest?

Loved. That poor support to wretches in Dispair, — ev'n that is lost to me.

Loved, A Sanguine Lover!

Loved. 'Tis well for you *Coll* : that you have such a Confidence in your Mistress kindness.

For signature and stamp of the B/.

Bl: Imagination will make her so when I please—I can't promise much for her—I ne're saw her but once, and then too *en Passant*; But I am resolv'd to see her again, and if possible enjoy her.

Loved An easy Conquest — wounded at first sight.

Bl: 'Tis fate Sir, or rather Sympathy.

Loved. You are belov'd then.

Bl: I am so vain to think I am not hated,—her tell tale Eyes said as much,—which now and then stole a look tow'ds me, that had nothing of indifference,—I don't despair.

Loved. You have no cause—you ne're were curst with killing frowns, nor have yet known the pain of numberless repulses.

Bl: Nor shou'd I despair if I had—Woman has been my study—I can unriddle all the Mysteries of the Sex, and do assure you that Mistress is not worth taking, who yeilds on the first Summons—if she fortifies for a Seige, she is worth sitting down before—I warrant her quit cost and trouble.

Loved. Suppose she shou'd prove of the *Troy* breed *Coll:* and hold you to it ten years—d' you think she will quit cost and trouble then?

Bl: Ten year—saith that's a long time—but few Ladyes or Towns are so impregnable now a days—relye on me for success—to let you see I prefer my Friends Interest to my own, I will break of this Chace, and go instantly to *Bellinda*—I have already done you some service there:

Loved. Sir you oblige me ever,—Yet take this Caution with you, (for I have a thousand doubts which still perplex me) see no foul play be offered, if there is, I shall forget all former Obligations, and plunge my Sword into your Faithless Heart.

Bl: Still doubting and distrusting?—thou wilt make a more then Ordinary good Husband, thou art so damn'd Jealous a Lover,—my honour be your Pledge, which when I forfeit, may all the miseries due to perjury punish mine.—You shall shortly be convinc'd of my sincerity.

Loved. Auspicious Fates go with you (Ex. severaly.

SCENE, Sir Johns House.

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. To struggle more is vain, for all my vertue
So powerful once, weak and successless proves,
When I wou'd drive this Stranger from my soul,
I have his Lovely image still in View;
His Charming tongue, his Person, all his Actions,
In my too faithful memory are planted,
Ne're to be rooted out.

Oh *Loveday*! well has fate reveng'd thy wrongs,
Justice pursues my Scorn—as I or'e thee,
So do's this Conqu'rouer triumph over me.

Enter Arabella.

Ara. Victory, victory--I have won the day.

Bell. What mighty Conquest have you gain'd?

Arab. 'Tis hardly worth naming--only a perverse fellow was possess'd with a fit of Jealousie, and pretended to retrench my prerogative--till I Souldier like rally'd my scattered forces, and stood the brunt Courageously--he was glad to sue for Peace.

Bell. The Engagement sure was pleasant.

Arab. You wou'd have said so, had you seen how I brought my haughty Tyrant to his submissions--the men may claim what pow'r over us they please, but they are all our Slaves, the Young to our Eyes, the Old to our Tongues.

Bell. Wou'd my Eyes were so us'd to Victory.

A. Are they not? I am sure poor *Loveday* feels their force--you are to blame to use him so.

Bel. *Loveday*! mean Conquest--That General deserves but little Glory, who only boasts the gaining one poor Battle.

Ara. Oh, you set up for Universal Empire,--don't deceive your self good *Bellinda*--neither our Eyes or Tongues have that Power, the Men won't endure such Monopolizers in Authority.

Bel. My Ambition does not fly so high--I desire only a fair Exchange, Heart for Heart.

Arab. Truly that's but Reasonable--Who is this mighty Heroe you wou'd Capitulate with on such easie terms?

Bell. Wou'd I cou'd answer that--'tis my Misfortune not to know,--I never saw him 'till this day, and then he brought the Certainty of our dear Brothers Death.

Arab. You don't know what Execution you may have done--you wou'd not have him begin his Acquaintance with Love? 'Tis too soon to talk of that.

Bell. He mentions nothing else--'tis pitty indeed he shou'd--He does his Subject so much Justice,--his Wit is Matchless, his Speech Bewitching--and e'ry word falls with that Graceful Cadence from his Tongue, as if all Harmony resided there, and he was made for the destruction of Woman-kind.

Arab. Bless me Sister--don't you Rave? Just now all your aim was to be possessor of his Heart, and now you say his whole discourse is Love, and yet you are not satisfied.

Bel. Many talk of Love who think of nothing less--alass he pleads anothers Cause--all his Rhetorick was us'd for *Loveday*, he descanted largely on all his Accomplishments, but insisted chiefly on his great Estate, as thinking it the most prevailing Argument. I hearken'd with Attention, not minding half so much the matter of his discourse, as striving to suck up with greedy haste each Charming word--thus insensibly is my heart stol'n away, while I get nothing in Exchange, but a few sounding words,

Arab. Well, I vow I don't pity you — you are met with now for your Rigour to poor *Loveday*.

Enter Betty.

Bet. Oh Madam — I have been looking you all about — 'till I am as weary, as any thing.

Arab. For what?

Bet. Oh I have the strangest News to tell you Madam — fye; out upon the Wicked Man.

Arab. What do's the Girl mean?

Bet. I did not think it had been in the Malice of Man, for an old Cut-Throat as he is.

Arab. Prithee what's the matter?

Bet. The most Horrid Contrivance — the desperat'st Villany!

Arab. Speak it then.

Bet. Your Ladyship does n't consider that 'tis not fit to be told before every one, not that I distrust you, Madam. *(to Bell.)*

Bell. I am not every body, good Mrs. Betty.

Bet. *Dash* has told me all

Arab. This Wenches Impudence is intollerable. I doubt thou hast been Tipling, and Talk'st in thy Sleep — 'tis all a Dream.

Bet. Ay, ay, I wish it were all a Dream — 'tis too true, the more shame for him.

Arab. Art Mad? Prithee say what thou hast to say, or hold thy Tongue.

Bet. My Master has a design to Murder you.

Arab. Impossible!

Bell. Most Barbarous!

Bet. No, no, 'tis very plain — your Ladyship knows that *Thomas* has been long my humble Servant, and now to get into my Favour has told me all the design.

Arab. Unheard of Cruelty — what shou'd urge him to so base an Attempt?

Bet. It seems your Ladyship and he had some sharp words this Morning, you threatned Revenge, and he has ever since been posses't with such Apprehensions of it, that he fancies every moment some Body comes to Kill him, and is resolv'd, by way of prevention to be before hand with you.

Bell. This is a Villany so Monstrous, I can scarce credit it.

Arab. There is no Baseness so great, but he wou'd be Guilty off, I thank my Father, he has Match'd me finely — When and how is this to be effected?

Bet. To Morrow as your Ladyship takes your Mornings Walk. *Dash* undertook it to get a little Money, but in his Heart utterly Abhors the Barbarity of the Fact.

Arab. Is he to be trusted?

Bet. I dare Vouch for him Madam.

Arab.

Arab. Go home, and wait in my Chamber, I shall have business for you—good use may be made of this—I am sure *Wildish* and *Olinda* will joyn with me—I am resolv'd to drein his Purse, which will to him be a greater Punishment, then dreining his Hearts Blood.

Bel. You shall lye with me to Night Sister, you shan't go home to the Old Beast.

Ar. There's no danger to night,—he depends upon too morrows Slaughter—if I go not home he will mistrust my Intelligence, and I shall quash my own hopeful project.

Bell. Dear *Arab.* stay with me, I shan't sleep else.

Arab. I dare swear he is more afraid of me then I am of him, never dissuade me, I am resolv'd to go.

Bell. Why will you run into certain danger when you may so easily avoid it?

Ar. Don't I tell you I have resolv'd it—a Woman's resolution is her reason—pray not a word of this.

Bell. You design to keep me waking to night then?

Ar. You wou'd not be so much out of fashion as to sleep the first Night you are in Love,—you may as well expect it on your Wedding Night—Love and Rest are meer Contradictions.

Bell. If you will go Providence protect you—shall I see you in the morning?

Arab. Without fail. (Ex. *Arabell.*)

Bell. Heavens! with what force this lovely stranger pleads, and in anothers Cause promotes his own? *Loved:* I know is what he speaks him, rich, young, handsome, and faithful, yet such is my unlucky fate, I cannot meet his Love with mutual Ardour. ha! *Loveday*, here!

Enter *Loved:*

Loved. My feet have brought me hither in spite of me (*aside*) Madam, I strove to obey your rigid Sentence, but I find I cannot live but under the Aspect of those Beauteous Eyes, I name not Love, but only wou'd be forgiven the Presumption of a visit at so unseasonable an hour.

Bell. Your Visits I ne're denyed Sir—banish but hated love your thoughts, and I should willingly imbrace your Friendship.

Loved. No, doom me rather to Eternal absence—to be always in sight of joy, yet rage in endless misery, is the worst torment that the wicked know.

Bell. Your Choice is free Sir—if you think absence will be your cure, I shan't prevent it.

Loved: Can you with such indifference behold a tortured wretch expiring amidst his pains at your feet? remember you are the cause, yet smile to see him dye.

Bell. Think me not thus cruel—no Sir, I am sensible of your Generous passion, and know your Merits claim a just return—Nay own that I too burn with the same destroying flame which consumes your Quiet.

Loved

Loved. Ha! did I hear you right, or did I dream of bliss?
Go on thou vertuous Charmer, and lull my Ears
With the soft Musique of thy Voice.

Bell. Yes, I doe love, but---

Loved. What?

Bell. Blame not me, but my Unhappy Stars.

Loved. Let the Stars and fate do their worst, if you pronounce me happy.

Bell. I wish I cou'd.

Loved. Then 'tis illusion all, no real joy--So the poor Mariner in flight of his wish'd Haven, is by storms driven back into the boisterous Ocean, and there lost--What mean you Madam?--'tis you alone can make me blest.

Bell. I wou'd Heaven knows if it were in my power.

Loved. Not in your power! this riddle is to intricate for me to solve, dark, and obscure, it quite confounds my reason, my troubled thoughts bode treachery and falshood. (*aside*)

Bell. Must I then make a confession? at which, all that is Vertuous in me starts--Know then my heart is not my own to give, and since 'tis some comfort to the Miserable to have partners in their Woe, be assured I am more wretched then you can imagine your self to be.

Loved. Tis so this Villain instead of assisting me has betray'd me, be still my resentments, (*aside*) You think so perhaps Madam we are often more happy then we believe our selves, if Appetite or Passion get the upper hand of us, 'tis because we won't be at the pains to keep them under.

Bell. Lefs Philosophy wou'd become your Love better Sir.

Loved. You may Madam insult my weakness, and triumph o're my follies--by Heavens bright Justice my Riv'l shall not long - (*Exit*)

Bell. I was too blame to give him this hint - who knows what will be the consequence of his fury- his Eyes lookt fiery red, Despair, and Indignation chang'd his usual form.

But if a Virgins Prayers are heard above

Defend you Guardian Angels whom I love.

(*Ex.*)

SCENE, Scrapalls House.

Enter Betty with a Letter.

Betty. Well, what Lye can I invent? -- A Porter left it, -- I don't know whom it comes from, -- I forgot to aske the Question -- Nothing but this Dear Gold could have tempted me to incur my Ladyes displeasure, which I must certainly expect. Her Chastity is Letter Proof I am sure -- yet my Master is a very Dog in a Manger.

Enter

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Here's a Letter left for your Ladyship. --- Now must I prepare for a Storm --- the Clouds gather on her Brow.

Scrap. ? Ha! a Letter! -- from some of her Amoretto's no doubt, I am *Peeping*. I ready to burst, --- yet I'll have patience, and observe 'em farther --- down Spleen.

Bet. Now it bursts. *(aside.)*

Arab. Who brought this Letter Huffy?

Bet. A, a, a, Porter.

Arab. A, a, Porter! how durst you take it? Han't I given you Orders to the contrary --- what tho' I have a Jealous humourfome Husband, who indeed deserves the worst of usage; does it consist with my Honour to receive such filthy Scrowls?

Bet. Your La---

Arab. Never offer to excuse your self --- your Stammering betrays your Guilt --- go get my things ready in my Dressing Room, and tell *Olinda* I wou'd be glad to see her there --- your late good Service atones for this fault, the next such you shall out of Doors. *(Exit Arab. Betty.)*

Scrap. *(Comes forward.)* Odsbud, I can hardly believe my own Sences, I have had such convincing proofs of her Falshood, that 'tis impossible I shou'd be deceiv'd --- yet her Anger seem'd real --- I know not what to think. *(calls Dash.)* *(Enter Dash.)* I doubt *Thomas* I have been too rash in giving thee such Orders --- I have now good reason to believe my Wife Innocent.

Dash. How Sir! Nay if he cools farewell hopes *(aside.)*

Scrap. I just now over heard her rebuking her Maid, for bringing her a Love Letter, with a passion so far from Counterfeit, that I begin to think her Innocent.

Dash. Alas Sir, how easily are you impos'd upon! Now I know you are abus'd, I'll loose my Life rather then suffer it, to my certain knowledge what you say was a Contrivance between them?

Scr. Art sure on't?

Dash. Very sure Sir, -- She saw you all the while, and feign'd that Anger with her Maid, only to delude you

Scr. By my troth likely enough, - how cam'st thou to know this?

Dash. I heard 'em Sir Laughing at the Trick they had serv'd you.

Scr. Do's she Laugh -- her note will be chang'd 'ere long.

Dash. Besides Sir, were she Innocent, there's no retreating now. I have already hir'd two Bravo's at 20 Guinea's a Man to do the Business.

Scr. How *Dash* 20 Guinea's a Man! what 40 Guinea's?

Dash. Times are bad Sir, -- I stood hard too, -- they proffer'd to Butcher her for 10, but to do it decently, 20 was the lowest Penny.

Scr. 'Tis curst Dear for a Murther, -- I wou'd commit 20 my self for half the Summ, -- but so the work were done, I shou'd endeavour to be satisfi'd --

Forty

Forty Guineas! a Jilting Whore-- I'll teach her to Cuckhold a Justice of Peace--cost me Forty Guineas to Murther her! a Cockatrice.

Dash. 'Twas well I had this story ready, all had been unravell'd else.

Scr. (Turning.) Thomas.

Dash. I come Sir.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Arabella and Olinda.

Arab. Come *Olinda*, you must confess a truth to me--han't you very Entertaining thoughts alone, that you seek all occasions to avoid Conversation?

Olind. Why do you ask this Madam?

Arab. Because I have often taken notice of it; I still observe amidst all your natural Briskness, and Gaiety, some Intervals of Languishment, now and then a Sigh starts unawares to betray you, which you sily endeavour to Suppress.

Olind. And from this I warrant you conclude me in Love.

Arab. Certainly.

Olind. Ha, ha, ha,--any body but you wou'd rather have guest, the dead *Palsy* was upon me.

Arab. Never strive to veil your thoughts, I know them by my own,--there's none of us all (we may dissemble if we will), but have a Natural tendency that way, when once we have told Fourteen.

Olind. How, all Lovers after Fourteen! nay then 'tis a Loving World indeed.

Arab. 'Tis true, our Inclinations vary like our Pallates,--some Admire the Gay Fop, who is all Wig and *Stee kirk*,--others your Thundring Sons of Mars, who Love by Art Military--and some few, a very few, the Man of Wit and solid Sense.

Olind. And for which of these do you think I Sigh?

Arab. That you must tell me -- to save your Blushes, I'll name the Sparks most likely to be your Admirers, And when I hit the Man.-----

Olind. What then?

Arab. Do you clap your Fan to your Face.

Olind. A pretty way to hide a Blush. Begin,

Arab. Is *Loveday* the happy Man? *(She snaps her Fan.)* I see you shake him off-- What think you of *Sparkish*? *(She Laughs)* You know him too well I perceive.-- Does not your Cozen *Wildish* run too much in your mind *(puts her Fan to her Face)* Now let me Imbrace, and Love you more then ever; he Loves you too, to me he own'd it.

Olind. 'Tis strange his Modesty shou'd conceal it from you.

Arab. He has his reason -- his Father you may have heard, left him and his Estate to your Fathers Guardianship, and Care, and being a Thrifry Man, so ordered by his Will, that neither shou'd be at his Sons Disposal till the full Age of 26 (of which he still wants a Year.)

Olind

Olind. What's this to his Passion for me?

Ar. Not being Master of his Estate, he declared to me he thought himself unworthy of you.

Olind. Poorly thought!

My Love's above the little thoughts of Interest

Give me the man I like, be he ne're so poor.

Arab. A good fortune and him you like wou'd do much better, the hottest Love will quickly cool, without some maintainance to support it. Suppose Fortune shall luckily give *Wildish* his Estate, wou'd that lessen him in your esteem?

Olind. No certainly—— I don't despise Riches, Pomp, and splendour, yet I should rather choose a middle State with him I love, then Millions with the Man I hate.

Ar. What will you say if I be the means of getting him his Estate, and you a portion suitable to it?

Olind. I say it is not to be done while my Father lives, and I don't yet see any likelihood of his Death.

Ar. My Influence is great over him of late.

Ol. Not so great as his money's,—Profit is the Compass he steers by—prove there is hopes of that in your design, and perhaps I may beleive it probable.

Ar. Trust my Management, and doubt not to see it speedily effected—— I have a design in hand can't fail—but we forget our Mornings Walk,—'tis late——let's haste to Bed.

*Let fortune to my Wit propitious prove
I shall be blest'd with Peace -and you with love.*

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E, *The Street,*

Enter Sparkish, with Fiddles as to a Serenade.

Spark. Oh the Infinite pleasure of *Serenading* a new Married Woman!—— I wou'd not lose this Opportunity to be the great MOGUL,——'Gad I don't know which to me is the greater satisfaction, making the Wife amorous, or the Husband Jealous—this Lady I am sure is damnably in Love with me, and the old Coxcomb her Husband damnably Jealous——Now have I a Song which I design to sing purposely to increase both—come tune your Instruments——this is the Window—No sooner will she hear my most Melodious Voice, but she will be all o're Transports, Ecstasy, and Rapture.—'Gad she'll go nigh to Cuckold him in Imagination, tho' in his Arms.

Musique plays, and he Sings.

S O N G.

(1.)

HEark, fair One, heark tis Musicks Voice,
From Sleeps dull load be free,
Leave Dreams for more Substantial Joys
To which Love Summons thee.

G

W. J.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

(2.)

*With fainter Rays see Venus shines,
Nor daves for Morning stay,
To you her Station she Resigns,
Rise and bring on the day.*

(3.)

*Already from Old Tythons Arms,
His Youthful Bride is fled:
And Blushing for Neglected Charms,
Paints the Clear Sky with Red.*

(4.)

*O do not Youth thus Idly lose,
Leave, leave, the Sleeping Drone,
Wisely for thy own Wishes choose,
And let him Snore alone.*

Serap. (Above at a Window) What Caterwawling have we here? Screech-Owls under my Window at this time are Ominous; -- some of my Dear Spouf-
es Adorers without question; --- These Serenading Lovers are of such a fiery
Constitution, it may not be amiss to give them a Cooler, --- prithee *Dash* go
and prepare for their Reception -- We will be with you again Mr. *Tweddle-um*,
Tweddle-um, in an instant, you shall have something to moisten your Throats.

Spark I heard the Window open -- poor Soul, she has given her old Drone
the slip, and is kindly stealing down to make an Assignment; I'll dismiss these
Fellows -- I have no further business for you to Night Friends -- there's some-
thing to make you drink; Rat me, I am the Fortunatest Fellow in these Cases
under the Firmament, not a Woman can resist me -- I have Darts for the whole
Sex, from Fifteen to Fifty. The Countrey Lady I Charm with my Dress,
City Wives with my Breeding, and the Quality Love me for my Scandal. ---
hem, hem -- I shall get a terrible Cold if she makes me stay any longer -- the
Ground is damp, and the Fog prodigiously Offensive -- Perhaps a pinch or
two of Snuff will relieve me (*as he takes Snuff they throw Water on him*) Oh the
Devil! I am ruin'd! -- undone! I swim in an Ocean of filthy Urine! my Wig!
my Snuff! fogh, how it stinks: Now wou'd I give 10000*l*. I were a Snake, and
cou'd cast my Skinn -- I will run incessantly to the *Bagnio*, and lye in soake there
a Fortnight at least -- Oh Damn it Serenading. (*Running off meets Wildish.*)

Wild Well, and who the Devil are you, and where are you going upon
the Gallop?

Spark Prithee Fellow dont stop me -- I am in exceeding haste.

Wild To loose thy Money old Boy, ha! -- 'Gad I was in haste till I had
lost all mine, and am now in as great haste to borrow more -- if thou art
an honest Fellow lend me Five Pound

Spark S' death how he tortures me! -- I am scarce able to determine which
is more intollerable, my own Stinking or his Belching.

Enter Link Boy.

Li. Boy. Light Sir, Light.

Wild.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

43

Wild. Come hither Sirrah—let me see who I have got here, *Tom Sparkish!* Well met my Noble Fashion Monger—thou could'st not have come in a better time—wilt thou disburse to an honest Topers Necessities?

Spark. *Wildish*——and Confounded Drunk! or else he wou'd never ask such a foolish Question—'tis not I belive in the memory of Man, that ever a Beau lent Money.

Wild. Why lookee *Tom*, I am confounded Drunk, and to tell you the truth, have had confounded ill luck—'tis all gone, not a Penny left Faith,---But hang dirt, thou shalt lend me Five Pound.

Spark. I have not patience enough to give him a Denyal, prithee *Wildish* unhand me—I have been most Barbarously us'd.——

Wild. Where——when, by whome? ha!

Spark. What sort of an Appearance do I make I wonder, don't I bear the hideous mien of a drown'd Rat? Do you see this Wig Jack?

Wild. Faith *Tom* thou hast put too much Essence, and little or no Powder in't.

Spar. May I never be sweet again, if it did not cost me five and twenty pound t'other day, and now 'tis n't fit for a disbanded Ensign to wear.—This Suit too, the Ladyes darling is utterl' spoilt.--The poor Creatures will certainly all go into Mourning for my Eclipse.

Wild. A heavy Misfortune--but sh w me the House--if I don't do thee Justice upon the Glafs Windows; say I am not worthy to borrow 5 l.

Spark. If I dont get ridd of th s Drunken Puppy, he will infallibly betray me into the hands of the Watch, and I shall be kept in the Round House till Morning in this pickle. -- Shou'd any body see me in this filthy Condition, it wou'd certainly go to my Heart, and Kill me (*aside*) No Sir I thank you--I'll revenge my self better -- I wou'd not see her again to save her Soul and Body.

(Exit)

Wild. Go thy ways for a Fop--I wou'd try my Fortune once more, if I knew where. -- Let me see who will lend an honest Fellow and a Cuckhold Maker Five Pound. -- My Mistress I have drein'd,--else I were sure of a Supply there.-- I'll ev'n to her Husband, -- he is a good Natur'd Cuckhold, I can say that for him-- Come hither Rogue, (*to Link Boy*) Sirrah, do you know *Prunello's* the Grocer?

Boy. Yes Master, I'll Light you thither.

Wild. Hold, you Dog, this is the House.

Boy. No Sir, 'tis in the next Street.

Wild. You Lye, you Son of a Whore--this is it-- what I am not so Drunk neither.

Boy. Not enough for my purpose.

Wildish, } So, ho, What are they all dead?
Knocking.

Boy. They are all a Bed and a Sleep Sir,-- 'tis scarce Day yet.

Wild. Will you Lye Sirrah? -- Do's not the Sun Shine full in my Face?
(Knocks again.)

Boy. You'l disturb all the Neighbours Sir.

Wild. Hold your Prating Sirrah, as you tender your Bones.

Frunello. (*Above at the Window*) Who's there?

Wild. 'Tis I, thou Prince of Grocers. 'Tis I

Prn. Who are you? and what's your Business? My Neighbour *Clack* the Midwife lives next Door.

Wild. The Devil take thy Neighbour *Clack*, -- will she lend me Five Pound. -- Hearkee *Tom*, will you open the Door, or must I wait?

Prn. What's your business?

Wild. Only to Borrow Five Pound, -- I have had Damn'd ill luck at Play, and lost all my Money.

Prn. Five Pound! Pox on you for a Drunken Puppy, -- Is this a time to borrow Money. -- Plague Confound him, -- Poor *Peggy* has cause to Curse him, I han't been in such a humour, I don't know when.

Wild. Mumble--Mumble--will you let me in or no, you Sneaking Cuckhold?

Prn. Cuckhold! Odsbobs-- hearkee Friend, don't you mistake your Man-- ha, ha, ha! a very good jest I faith--tis a sign he is no Acquaintance of mine; Cuckhold! ha, ha, ha!

Wild. 'S death you Snivelling Rascal--do you give a Gentleman the Lye, I say you are a Cuckhold, and my Cuckhold too, that's more.

Prn. You are a Drunken Idle Fellow, --and I'll have you laid by the Heels here, *Watch, Watch*, (*Enter Constable and Watch.*) Mr. Constable, pray take that Sawcy Companion into Custody, and carry him to the Round House-- a Cuckhold! ha, ha, ha. (*Ex.*)

Const. What's the meaning you make a Disturbance in the Street, at these Unseasonable hours, Friend?

Wild. You are a very Impertinent Fellow to ask--I'll have you to know Sirrah--I'll make what Disturbance I please--and you are a Son of a Whore to hinder me.

Watch. What abuse the Constable, knock him down.

Const. Let him resist at his peril, see here's the Staff of Authority.

Wild. And here's the Sword of Justice, which will infallibly slit your Coat of arms, unless you lend me Five Pound.

2. Watch. Fall on--fall on--down with him, down with him.

Wild. Stand off Rascals--don't press upon Quality--I am Quality.--

Const. A fig for your Quality, disarm, and bring him away to the Round House.

Wild. I am a Peer of the Realm, you Sons of Whores.

Const. Away with him, away with him.

3d Watch. Take care what we do good Mr. Constable. These Quality Folks are dangerous People to meddle with.

4th Watch. So they be Neighbour Wakeful, so they be. There's a light of Justice Scrapealls--perhaps his Worship, or Mr. *Dash* may be stirring--we had best carry him thither.

Const. My Neighbour advises notably--come my Masters let's have him before the Justice.

Omnes. Ay, ay, away with him to the Justices Worship. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Scrapeall in his Night Gown and Cap, and Dash.

Scrap. Hast thou waht away all the Caterpillars Thomas?

Dash. All Sir, pray to Bed.

Scrap. I shan't sleep, what shou'd I do there?

Dash. You'l disorder your Health by rising at this unseasonable hour.

Scrap. 'Tis but this night I hope I shall live in this terror.

Dash. But to night Sir, I have taken care she should be dispatcht within this hour, therefore pray go to Bed, and try to Sleep. (*Knocking.*)

Scrap. Heark! --do'st not thou hear a Noise, the Assassins are coming-- I am a Dead Man, oh, oh! help, help!

Dash. 'Tis only your Fear, no matter if he were dead, (*aside.*) there's no body coming.

Scrap. Oh, Oh!--

Dash. Pray Sir govern your self, or you'l ruine all.

Scrap. Nay but Thomas, I tell thee they are coming--heark! (*Knock again.*) keep 'em out good Thomas, are all the Doors fast, and the Window Shutters Barr'd.

Dash. All Sir all, Who's there?

Const. 'Tis I Mr. *Dash*, is his Worship stirring?

Dash. 'Tis Mr. *Buckshead* the Constable Sir.

Scrap. Are you sure 'tis he? have a care who you let in good *Dash*, peep thro' the Key hole, it may be a Sham--and d' you here fetch the Blunderbuss that's Charg'd with 6 Brace of Bullets--bring my Ammunition Sword too, and my Bandileers--'tis good to be secure.

Dash fetches a Blunderbuss, as he opens the Door Scrap. Cocks and Presents, the Constable sees it. runs back and throws down 2 or 3 Watchmen.

1st. Watch. What's the matter Man?

Scrap. Oh it is your Neighbour *Buckshead* I protest I was afraid Rogues were Breaking in to Rob me.

Const. I heartily beg your Worships Pardon for coming at this Unseasonable hour;--we took this Spark Committing Outrages in the street,--and were carrying him to the Round House, --but he cry'd he was a Peer of the Realm, which made us afraid to meddle with him,--therefore we came to know your Worships pleasure in the matter, how we shall dispose of him?

Scrap. You act like careful honest People,--Men fit to be in trust for the Nation.

Wild. Some Small-Beer, and a pair of fresh Dice you Dog (*Dash looks in his Face*) will you lend me Five Pound?

Dash. Bless me Sir, 'tis Mr. *Wildish*.

Wild. Six-bar Doublets a peice.

Scrap. I know this Noble Peer very well, now Mr. *Constable* you may leave him with me -- I'll see he shall be forth coming.

Const. He is a Peer then--'tis well we took my Neighbours advice, we shou'd have

have been swing'd off else. Good morrow to your Worship. (*Ex. Const. & W.*)
Scrap. Good morrow Neighbours. -- So Sir, is your promis'd Reformation come to this? no sooner a penny in your Pocket, but you are at your old Trade of Drinking and Gameing?

Dash. Alas Sir he is past hearing, you can make nothing of him now.

Scrap. I hope I may *Thomas*; -I'll search for the Ten Pieces I gave him this Afternoon, -not one Farthing left! — (*Searches his Pockets.*)

Wild. Seven's the Main- I'll set you Ten Pieces.

Scrap. Now I don't wonder which way they are gone, -- O Extravagance! O Profuleness! Ten Guineas in less then ten hours! What will this World come to? carry the Beast in, and throw him any where till he recovers his Sences. -- He is not fit to live among Sober People.

The End of the Fourth Act.

The Fifth A C T.

Enter Olinda, to her Arabella.

Olind. **H**OW unfortunate am I, to bestow my Heart on such a wild Debauchee?

Ar. G'morrow *Olinda*-are you ready for our Mornings walk? how in tears?

Olind. What an Imminent danger have I narrowly escap'd! how can I bless my Stars enough for this discovery-- I wou'd not have him ———

Arab. What a wonder you make of it ——— as if it were so strange a sight in this Age to see a young Fellow in Drink.

Olind. In Drink! ——— that is the least of his Crimes; were that all.

Ar. What monstrous Enormities has he been guilty of besides?

Olind. See you this? (*Shows a Letter*)

Ar. What?

Olind. An assignation from Mrs. *Prunello* to meet her this Morning in the Piazza.

Arab. Pray let me see it.

Olind. I'll read it you ——— I could tear her peice meale, and yet can scarce forbear laughing at her folly (*reads*)

My Dear, Dear, Wild Rogue.

FAIL not to be on the Piazza to morrow Morning at 6-- I will steal out under pretence of coming to the Market, but my business will lye another way in which I shall want an able Counsellor, Adieu

M. Prunello.

What

What think you now — am not I like to have a special Spark of this -- I warrant he has more Intreagues among these silly women, then he can well turn to.

Ar. You censure too severely -- she that loves must endeavour to think as well of her Lover as she can, for her own Quiets sake. Is he to blame if another Mans wife will make him an Appointment?

Olind. If he Answers it, he is.

Arab. Not at all -- you wou'd say he were rude indeed, if he shou'd not give a distressed Lady a little Counsell.

Olind. When married Women come to confer with such Lawyers, you may be sure there's a flaw in the Husbands Tytle. The wife who goes abroad for advice, will be sure to bring home dissention -- I shall never be reconcil'd to him, pray Madam don't excuse him --

Arab. Yet he is faultless --

Olind. Tis well if he prove so -- I am resolved to try him -- If I thought he wou'd Sally, I wou'd assume Mrs *Prunellos* shape and intercept this Dear Dear wild Rogue (as she calls him) in his March.

Ar. That you may easily do -- your Size is very near hers.

Olind. I will have a fling at him then, But I swear, I do it more to disappoint her then any thing else.

Arab. Success attend you [Enter Dash] stay a minute tho' -- are the writings ready?

Dash. According to your Order Madam, only I incerted one perticular in favour of my self.

Arab. That's not amiss -- Now *Olinda* you shall hear what care I have taken of you -- read what concerns her and Mr *Wildish*.

Dash [reads] **I** T E M that he deliver up to the said John Wildish his Estate with as full power to receive the Rents, and profits thereof as if of the full Age of 26, And also to give to his belov'd Daughter *Olinda* Scrapeall 5000*l.* upon Condition that she marry the said John Wildish.

Ar. Are you sure they are good in Law?

Dash. Not the least flaw I dare promise Madam -- they were drawn by Mr *Tedious*, the best Conveyancer in ENGLAND -- he tells me there is not the least Loop hole for him to creep out at.

Olind. I'm amaz'd -- what means all this Gibberish?

Arab. I'll unriddle it another time.

Ol. I am obliged to you Madam for the plentiful fortune you design me -- more by half I dare swear then ever my Father do's while he lives.

Arab. You see I am no Niggard.

Olind. Extremely bountiful -- but I hope you'll excuse me if I defer my thanks for this Signal favour, till I see a fairer prospect of it.

Arab. Virtue is its own Reward -- till then reserve them. We must part now, but we shall meet again anon, I'll go before and call upon *Bellinda*.

Ol. And I'll to my Lover,

(Ex. Amb.)

Scene

S C E N E, *The Square in Covent Garden.**Enter Wildish.*

Wild. I have contrived matters finely, and fortune I'll say that for her is alwayes ready to help me out at a dead lift--no place to stumble into but my Uncles Company--this is a sure way to make him kind to me--If this poor Wench did not take mercy upon me sometimes, I can't Imagine what wou'd become of my Carcass--I shou'd soon shrink to the thin Dimensions of an hungry Author--here comes one will break off my Meditations.

Enter Olinda.

Olind. I do love this mad fellow, and am extreemly well pleas'd to know he loves me--yet must I be a very Woman and dissemble,

Wild to her) Thou dear soft little Rogue,--art thou come at last to an expecting Lover? you see I am ready to appear upon Summons.

Olind. You are a punctual Lover.

Wild. Here I am--you may communicate--come Child unfold what knotty difficulty is this thou wou'dst have me resolve?

Olind. Can you tell me an Expedient Sir to keep a man constant?

Wild. A damn'd Unlucky Question that. *(aside)* Age will do it, but hearkee Child these grave Queryes dont lye my way, what have you and I to do with constancy?--will you walk?

Olind. Whither good Hasty Sir?

Wild. Any whither so we may be private--I don't love to give my advice in the Open Air--time is precious, and you throw it away as lightly as if it were nothing worth--here this way--'pshaw you are so backward.

Olind. You are so forward--how long will this Violent heat last?

Wild. For ever--thy Beauty will maintain it. 'tis as impossible to be cold or indifferent under the influence of those Eyes, as 'tis to freeze under the Line.

Olind. You men will prate.

Wild. And something more in a proper place--prithee dear Creature dally no longer--I am tired with expectation--e'ry Minnte is to me an Age, till I pay the Tribute that is due to Love and thee.--I will mould thee in my Arms, and hug thee to my Breast with such hearty Zeal, that thou shalt own I am no common Devotee.

Ol. Do you know after all, to whom you have said these fine things?

Wild. I hope so,

Ol. Are you sure on't?

Wild. S'Death I have caught a Tartar--I'm fallen into my Arch Enemyes head Quarters. *(aside.)*

Olin. *(unmasking)* now do you know?

Wild. Impudence be my refuge *(aside)* know! Lord that you shou'd think to deceive a Lover with this thin disguise--I knew you the first moment, only I design'd your Diversion. *(aside.)* *Ol.*

Ol. And you design'd those tender words, those close Embraces, and amorous gripings for me too no doubt.

Wild. Whom else could they be intended for? I have as many more at your Service - 'Gad you shall see I wont come behind the best of them in Rapture--I can be plaguy loving if I set on't--my Life! my Soul!

Oh I could lye for ever in these Arms,
Ryot in blifs, and Surfeit on thy Charms,
With violent pace in exalted Spirits move,
I'm lost in Rapture. -

Ol. --Not so furious pray-- I suppose the Rhime is Love, -- this flight I guess was meant for Mrs, *Prunello* if I had not come in your way first.

Wild. 'S Life she has a plaguy guess with her, how came she to know of my Acquaintance there (*aside*) Mrs. *Prunello*! pray Madam who is she?

Ol. You don't know.

Wild. Not I by _____

Ol. No Swearing if you wou'd be believed, do you know this Letter, Sir? silly Women! to trust their Reputation in such Sparks Pockets.

Wild. So, so, the Letter too, --- By what flight of hand was this convey'd to her (*aside*) I remember indeed I had such a Letter sent me--but by Heavens I ne're thought on't since. ---

Ol. Upon what Ladyes Summons did you appear then Sir?

Wil. Hum-What Lady Madam? as if I did not know I shou'd meet you here.

Ol. By instinct--I know you are in pain to be gone, but I will keep you, if it be but to disappoint you both--Will nothing serve your turn Sir, but hunting in Incloseures and Trespassing upon other Mens Properties?

Wild. Shall I Swear?

Ol. No, because you will be sure to Lye.

Wild. By your Fair self, you alone employ my thoughts.

Ol. How!

Wild. I long have Lov'd you with a real Passion, but my unhappy Circumstances were such, as could not justifie my bold pretensions; my Tongue has hitherto kept a Respectful silence, but my Eyes often spoke the Language of my Heart--Oh that you had read it there, and spar'd me the confusion of this Declaration.

Ol. 'Tis made in a very ill time--no more of your false Passion, 'twill be Affronting.

Wild. Give me but the hearing-- Appearance indeed is against me, but Truth will soon clear my suspected Innocence.

Ol. How apt are we to credit what we wish (*aside*) 'tis not worth your while--what's your Innocence to me--you are at your own disposal Sir.

Wild. Now you Dog is your only time to Swear and Lye for your preferment (*aside*) By Heaven at yours, and only yours--suspect me not so meanly--injure not your own Charms so much to believe the Man, who's to ring hopes have once lookt up to all that Heav'n of Beauty, could e're descend to any Lower Object?

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Ol. The Varnish Lyes too thick —these Fooleryes are more intollerable then your Crime——I'll no more of them. *(Ex. Ol.)*

Wild. By Heav'n but you shall. *(Ex. after her.)*

Enter Arabella and Bellinda Maskt, Blunt and Pimpwell after 'em.

Pimp. This must be the Lady Sir, by the description her Maid gave me of her Dress.

Bl. Very well, leave me.

Pimp. Take luck in you company however Sir, -- I have provided for my Master, and I think 'tis but reasonable I shou'd take care of my self next-- I'll go and see what the Market affords, I am not curious, indifferent Fruit will serve my turn. *(Exit)*

Bell. Ha! the Stranger here. *(aside.)*

Ara. My Church Spark so early--I hope he has the Courage to speak to us *(aside.)*

Bl. I wish I be right--I shou'd be very loth to Hunt upon a wrong Scent, and pursue an old Puss, when better Game is in View *(aside.)* fair dny to your Peauties Ladyes, you wou'd do well to bring the Light and your Faces acquainted.

Arab. You are very plain with us methinks Sir.

Bl. I am a Souldier Madam, we love few words--shall I aske you one Question, and be sure of an Answer?

Arab. If it be civil--I can deny a Souldier nothing--I am in Love with one.

Bl. Pray Heaven I be the Man *(aside)* Why so careful of your Faces, when there is no Sun abroad to Damage them?

Bell. Wou'd you have askt that Question in a *Play House*?

Blunt. No--there you go to be private--here you come to take the Air.

Bell. As much as you went to *Flanders* to Fight--perhaps we are abroad upon the Plunder, and wou'd not be discovered.

Bl. Then I must make one in the party,--but first let me see my Comrades.

Arab. No, no, if you are a Sportsman, you know 'tis the best way not to Unhood your Hawk till you flye him.

Bl. Why don't you Fly then then good Mrs. Hawk:

Bell. Whether she likes her Quarry or no.

Blunt. Come, Come ———off with your *Masks*; I have a great fancy I know you both.

Arab. Therefore we'll keep 'em on--I have a mind to trick you into an old Acquaintance:

Blunt. These Vizards are damn'd usefess, troublesome things.

Arab. No more then your Swords --'tis true we have no great use for them, but Custom has made 'em necessary--If you provoke me to it thank your selfe--I always do execution.

Blunt. Draw assoon as you please--I shall receive you like a Soldier.

Bell. Roughly.

Arab. I have a mind to raise your Imagination.

Blu. Purposely to haulk it.

Bell.

Bell. Cant you fancy Sir?

Bl. No, I am for something more solid then mere notion -- I am no Poet *MADAM.*

Arab. I hope not--for Poetry in Red is as abominable as Blasphemy in Black --but are n't you Artist enough to hit a face without seeing it?

Blunt. I can design you abundance of Peices with good Complexions, and regular features, but can't promise they shall be to the life.

Bell. No matter if they please you as well.

Bl. I may be undeceived one time or other--and what a miserable Case is that poor Lover in, whose Illustrious *DULCINEA* proves a freckled Country *Drab.*

Arab. At least our *Masks* hide our defects-- you have answer'd your self.

Enter Loveday.

Loveday Ha! this is fortunate--at lenght I have found the villain, This place is to publick to call him to account in--I'll try to draw him aside--Sir a word with you. *(they whisper)*

Bl. Impertinent! *(aside.)* You see I'm engag'd.

Loveday, It shan't be long.

Bl Anon I'll wait upon you.

Loved. I must and will speak with you now--'tis a matter of concern, a business on which both your life and mine depends.

Bell. My fears are ominous here is mischief towards *(aside.)*

Bl: Thar's the Lady told you I was so desperately in love with, to leave her now must eternally disoblige her.

Loved. That Lady then is a Whore--they are both Whores to my knowledge

Bl: Faith that may be- I han't seen their faces- Pox on 'em if they be Whores. *(Ex Loveday, & Blunt.)*

Bell. I fear a Quarrel, and know not how to prevent it.

Ar. Our spark indeed has left us very abruptly -- was not that *Loveday* who whispered him?

Bell. And t'other the Charming Stranger, each Drop of whose blood is dearer to me then my own.

Arab. Here comes *Wildish* with *Olinda*, dispatth him after 'em

Enter Wildish & Olinda.

Bell. For Heav'ns sake Sir, follow those two Gentlemen, and prevent Bloodshed --I doubt they are just going to cut anothers Throats honourably.

Wild. This is only a stratagem of yours to get rid of me.

Arab. Tis really as my Sister tells you.

Olind. Run Subject I command you.

Wild. I fly Princess: *(Ex.)*

Bell. Let us home, the apprehensions of my Souldiers danger and the dismal effects this Quarrel may produce, fright me so, that I scarce know where I am; --It will be happy if *Wildish* be with them time enough to prevent their fury --But shou'd either fall *(which Heaven avert!)* my life would be a continued Scene of disquiet, there is no ease for me 'til I know the Event.

Olin. to Arabell. Nor for me, 'till you explain that Mysterious Scrowl which *Daph.* read to us this morning.

A Cure for JEALOUSIE.

Ar. As we walk you shall know all—'tis time indeed we left this place unless we mean to be pickt up again. (Exeunt.)

Enter Blunt and Loveday.

Bl. I begin to doubt this is meer envy of thine *Loveday* to get me away from the Women—your *Mrs.* has frown'd upon you, and you are resolv'd to revenge your self upon me—what means this suddain silence?—prithee dispatch—I long to be after them again.

Loved. My business then in short is this, Villain, draw.

Bl. Short and pithy.

Loved. Draw, and defend your Life, or I'll kill you as you deserve basely.

Bl. Love has certainly inspir'd you—

Loved. Thus to revenge its Injuries on a perfidious Traytor,

Bl. That's but an ill return for services like mine.

Loved. A just return for Villanies like yours.

Bl. Have a care how you provoke me too far—friendships and Honours ties will be too weak to hold me, if you continue thus injurious.

Loved. Cowardice will, Cowards are always Knaves, but can't be friends.

Bl. Ha! Coward—that's home—I can hold no longer, if thou wer't my Brother, thus would I vindicate my fame, and write its triumphs in thy Heart
(*They fight Loveday is disarm'd*)

Now beg your Life.

Loved. 'Twas so ill defended—'tis not worth keeping—no, take the forfeit, I scorn to beg of so dishonourable an Enemy.

Blunt. You know I wont—there's your Sword—It had been but fair and reasonable to let me know my Crime before you came to Extremities—Sure Friendships Laws are not more rigorous than those by which Malefactors are tried, no Criminal was ere condemn'd unheard—I doubt you are abus'd.

Loved. By you

Bl. Never.

Loved. I deserv'd it—to trust thy dissembled kindness, when I knew how common 'tis grown under the name of Friendship to betray—Oh thou hast stabb'd me in my tenderest part, robb'd me of that which more than my Life I valu'd,

Bellinda's false and thou only art the cause,
Give back my love, or take this hated life.

Bl. Ha, does the Malady lye there (*aside*) had you but laid by passion, and plainly told me this at first—I should have undeceived you, without running into the uncertain dangers of a Quarrel—By Heaven, and her I love I swear, I never injured you in your Affection, but always serv'd your Interests with my own.

Loved. False, you may spare your needless Protestation and Perjurys, she has her selfe confest it—to me she own'd it.

Bl. Then to convince you that I never did wrong you—be assur'd I never can.

Loved. False still—

Bl. I am her Brother.

Loved.

Loved. All false-- she never had but one, and thou know'st he is dead.

Bl. Is it possible this patch and a few years absence, shou'd so change each Lineament and alter every feature?--Now view me well, and see if you can yet descry any remembrance of one who ever was your friend.

Loved. By all my Joys 'tis he!-- my friend!-- Shame and amazement quite confound me--can you forgive the rash effects of a too Violent passion?

Bl. Let this speak for me. (*while they embrace enter Wildish.*)

Wild. Hold, for heavens sake hold, are you both mad?

Loved. Oh do not interrupt me.

Wild. I ask your pardon Gent. for my Ignorance in the mode, I did not know 'twas the fashion to Complement with drawn Swords.

Loved. Oh *Wildish*, my joy is so great it rises above Expression! I thought to have met an Enemy here, but have found a long lost friend of ours--see here our old Acquaintance honest *Frank Thrivewell*!

Wild. Unexpected! *Frank Thrivewell*!

Bl. A live, at your Service *Jack*.

W.--Welcome from *ELIZIUM Frank*, little did I think we shou'd ever have drunk *Claret* together again, I imagin'd you where tipling *Nectar* with our friends overhead long agoe.

Bl. The same *Jack Wildish* still.

Wild. I'm afraid *Coll.* your Regiment is broke.

Bl. I hope not--I am no titular *Coll. Jack*.--To tell you all the *Labyrinth* fortune led me thro', before I reach'd this height were tedious--In short I serv'd at first as a Cadet, 'till time and favour rais'd me to the command of a Regiment.

Loved. Whence was the Report of your Death?

Bl. I gave it out at my landing purposely to found my Fathers Temper, had he been unconcern'd, I still had wore this shape, and the Borrow'd name of *BLUNT*--But since I find him so chang'd I will lay both aside at his feet.

Loved. Haste then and cheer him with the joyful News.

Wild. This will be a Reviving Cordial after so large a Draught of Sorrow.

(*Ex.*)

S. C E N E, Sr. Johns House.

Enter Arab. Bell, Olind.

Ar. Now does your good Father suppose me murthered long e're this.

Bell. I fear a real Murther.

Ol. His Villany is monstrous--I blush to think he is my Father, yet I see no likelihood of getting the money of him you propos'd---

Arab. Hear the Contrivance, then judge of its success--I ordered *Betty* dress'd in White, her Breast Bloody, and a Dagger in her hand to place herself about the time he supposed the Murther to be committed at his Study door.

Ol. So far 'tis well.

Ar. The Ghastliness of this sight--his natural timorousness, with the terrors of a Guilty Conscience (supposing it to be my Ghost) will work him to any thing.

Olind. Any thing but to part with his money.

Ol.

Ar. If this fails, fear of hanging will---Oh, here comes *Dash*. now we shall know all (*Enter Dash.*) well, how have matters succeeded---did our project take effect?

Dash. Beyond Expectation Madam.

Bell. Give us a relation of the Adventure.

Dash. Betty took her standing at the time appointed, and my Master coming according to custom to his Study. saw her by the uncertain light of day brake---which added so much terror to the supposed Apparition, that I who knew the trick was surpris'd---

Olin. I long to know the Conclusion.

Dash. He was so soundly frighted at this, that he fell down speechless, without any appearance of life, and had not I catch'd him, had broke his Neck down Stairs—we brought him to speak in a little time, but he Answers nobody — only cries out at certain Intervall's, Devil stand off, — I am not yet ready to dye, — Oh do not take my unprepared Soul—take all I have,--- give me but leisure to repent—I took the hint, slipt his keys out of his pocket went to his Study and took this Box, which contains the Writings of *Mr. Wildish* his Estate, besides Bonds and Mortgages to the Value of Ten Thousand Pounds.

Ar. This indeed is beyond Expectation, you deserve your Reward, and shall have it, but you had best step home again and watch his motions (*Ex. Dash.* Now *Olinda.*

Bell. Did not fear like a dead Weight lye heavy on my heart, and depress my Spirits — I should rejoyce to see your plot succeed so well,

Ar. Never disturb your selfe with the dread of what may be — hope the best — see they are here !

Enter Sir John. Coll. Blunt, Loveday, and Wildish.

Bell. Here indeed ! how my heart leaps for Joy.

Sir John. This Change is so unexpected, so wondrous I know not how to receive it, nor to express the pleasure which your safety gives me — my heart so long oppress'd with Sorrow, sinks beneath this mighty load — Sure Joy will finish what Grief but began.

Coll. Can you forgive me Sir.

(*Loved. & Wildish talk to the Women.*

Sir John. Canst thou ask of me Forgiveness, who have been in all the fault, come to my Arms and be for ever fixt there ; long hast thou been absent thence, from my Heart never.--O my Son accept these unfeigned Caresses of an o're joy'd and repenting Father, as a small amends for what mistaken Love has made thee suffer.

Coll. I deserve not these Endearments--this tenderness, one Minuteskindnes is a recompence too large for all that is past.

Sir John. I have been vastly in thy Debt, but now I will discharge the great Account

Ar. this is Wonderful !

Bell. Our Brother say ycu.

Sir John. My Daughters here ! O Children the Scene is shifted since last you saw your Weeping Father--your Brother lives ! O pleasing Sound ! he lives to be the Joy and Comfort of my declining Years --my Ages support--receive him not only as a long lamented Brother, but as the Darling of your Fathers Soul. --

Coll. (*To Sir John*) Who is that Lady ? (*pointing to Ara.*)

Sir John. (*pointing to Ara.*)

Sir John. Your Sister Child, who liv'd with your Aunt in the Countrey.

Col. Hum,—my Sister—there's a days Love, and pains thrown away. — (*aside.*)

Sir John. Be this day dedicated to Mirth, and pleasure—you are all my Guests—Musique is wanting—methinks I grow young again—and could lead you all a Dance myself, would my old Legs keep true time with my Heart—without there— (*Enter Servants*) call in your Fellows, all shall partake of this days general Joy; Let Sorrow be a stranger among us—here's that will make you Jovial—let your Rejoycing be loud—so loud that all who pass by, may enquire and know the cause,

Ser. A Blessed Change this—Heav'n grant it may continue, we have had a doleful House a long time.

Arab. Here Mr. *Wildish*, you must rejoyce too. (*gives him the Box*)

Wild. What's here to make me so merry, pray Madam.

Ar. Nothing but the Writings of your Estate.

Wild. My Estate! This is a day of Wonders—I am more amaz'd then ever—is my Uncle dead—or how—?

Ar. No Questions now—another time you may be satisf'd.

Wild. My thanks. ———

Arab. Are *Dash* his due—he was chiefly Instrumental,

Wild. He shall not find me ungrateful, now Madam, give me leave to make you an Offering of my Estate and Heart.

Ol. One without t' other if you please Sir—an Estate with so great an Incumbrance is no Extraordinary Present,

Wild. You are too Cruel.

Ar. Come *Olinda*, the Game is almost done—play the Woman no longer—I know your Inclinations. (*aside to her.*)

Olind. He does n't, nor shan't yet—I'll keep him short a little while, that he may have a better Appetite, when he comes to it; he who sits down to Table with a full Stomach, can never make a good Meale. (*aside*)

Bl. (*To Bell.*) What I once Begg'd as a Stranger, I now Perition as a Brother.

Bell. My former Guilty Wishes cover me with Blushes, and stop my Words. (*aside.*)

Blunt. I hope you'll give my Friend no cause of Grief, when all else Rejoyce—nay dear Sister it must ———

Sir John. It shall—be it what it will——your Brother has said it——you love not me——if you deny him any thing.

Blunt. I only Beg Sir, my Friend may not be unhappy, when I cease to be so.

Sir Ja. Come *Bellinda*, He lay aside the Authority of a Father, and intreat you too.

Bell. I am all Obedience Sir.

Sir John. Kindly said, my Blessing on thee for it——Sir she is yours, and may you be happy in a Mutual Love.

Loved. My whole life shall speak the Acceptance of this Gift.

Wild. Well Madam, must you and I pair too?

Ol. I'll think on't.

Wild. You had better let that alone, 'tis prudence to prevent Accidents.

Ol. Are you afraid you shan't hold in the same mind?

Wild. If ever——

Ol. Enough of that already, you must ev'n stay till I am in a humour.

Wild. Women do all things by the humour I see (*aside*) good Madam speak for me. (*to Arab.*)

Ol. 'Tis in vain.

Ar. You must be patient——a little Affiduity will bring her to's.

Enter Scrap. leaning on Dash.

Scrap. So gently, gently good *Thomas*, I find I am very weak, yet would feign disburthen my Conscience before I dye.

Sir John. You are welcome Son *Scrapeall* to partake of our Mirth, *Frank* lives, and is return'd.

Scr. I am glad of it *Sir John*, heartily glad, but alas *Sir* I am going, I am going.

Sir John. Whether Man?

Scr. To rest *Sir*, to my long home, I am not a Mau for this World.

Sir John. — You look hearty and well.

Scrap. Ay, ay, the Canker is within that destroys me; Who's that, my Nephew? Come hither, I have not us'd thee as I ought, but my Death will make thee amends.
Ol. I hope you are not in earnest *Sir*.

Scrap. My Daughter too—then my last Care is over *Sir John*, I'll beg the favour of you to take Care of the poor Girl, I shall leave her a small Pittance, she and that to be manag'd according to your Discretion,

Coll. to Arab. and Bell. I'll do it I am sorry for my Sisters Loss *Sr.* (*to Scrap.*

Scrap. Alack, alack, *sir*—she is—poor Heart she is——

Call. At your Elbow——

Scrap. Ha—save me, save me——(*shakes*)

Sir John. From what?

Scr. A Ghost, a Ghost, Oh Dear sweet honey Wife spare me, indeed I did not murder thee not I, *Dash* knows 'twas none of I.

Sr. No *Sr.* I live to upbraid your Unkindness But I forgive all, Dismiss your fears and learn to think that she who is truly virtuous, can neither be frighted, nor seduc'd from her Honesty.

Willd. May I hope a blessing from your Goodness that will make all my life happy?

Scrap. Any thing, I can't deny thee any thing.

Willd. Make my Couz *Olinda* mine.

Scrap. Thou meet'st my intentions, take her freely, and depend upon my love for a fortune that becomes my Daughter. To you my Dear I owe all that man calls valuable, and henceforth shall be ready to proclaim to the World, that

*Old Mens Jealousys are seldom just
But a Wives virtue is a faithful trust.*

Sir John. This adds to my Satisfaction, Providence has been greatly signalliz'd within these Walls to day, in grateful commemoration of which, it always shall be to me a Festival, and a sure guide thro' all the Mazes of fate, Children let my Story be a Lesson to you, and teach your Posterity.

*Never to judge of things by what they see,
But wait with patience wiser Heavens Decree.
Unknowing I thought all my Wishes cross,
Till that more kind restor'd what I had lost.*

F I N I S.

A Catalogue of Books Printed for R. Harrison, in New Inn without Temple-Bar.

The Golden Age, or the History of Shem's Review'd, tending to set forth a True and Natural Way to prepare and fix Common Mercury, &c. An Essay.

*A Pindarique Ode on the happy Accession of their Majesties to the Crown of England, &c.
The Pilgrims, or the Happy Convert, a New Dramatick Entertainment.*